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BY THE SAME AUTHOR

MIRRORS OF DOWNING STREET

GLASS OF FASHION

PAINTED WINDOWS

SEVEN AGES

WINDOWS OF WESTMINSTER

THE WINDOWS OF WESTMINSTER

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RT. HON. STANLEY BALDWIN

THE WINDOWS OF WESTMINSTER

BY

A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

AUTHOR OF "THE MIRRORS OF DOWNING STREET"

In an age of political infidelity, of mean passions, and petty thoughts, I would have impressed upon the rising race not to despair, but to seek in a right understanding of the history of their country and in the energies of heroic youth, the elements of national welfare.

—DISRAELI

ILLUSTRATED

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INTRODUCTION TO THE AMERICAN EDITION

THE domestic politics of England must always be of some interest to intelligent people in other countries; but at the moment the political struggle taking place so quietly in her midst has a particular interest, I think, for all democratic nations, more especially for the United States of America.

It is a struggle such as divided the nations in the Great War. On one side are the Socialists, who have learned their economics in the German school, and, who like the Germans, believe in making the individual subservient to a State despotism; and on the other side are the Conservatives, who believe in evolution, and who cherish the ancient traditions of personal liberty, individual enterprise, and free discussion.

Much may be said for the thesis of either side. Germany had made herself one of the greatest nations in the world. Given a strong and inflexible Government following despotically a single idea, and any fairly intelligent people that does not mind the loss of personal freedom and is indisposed to quarrel with

perpetual supervision by government officials, may reach a high degree of culture, both physical and mental, and may exercise a preponderating influence in the affairs of the world. Socialism has certainly something to say for itself.

But Conservatism has something to say for itself. It is an attitude of the human mind towards life which is essentially spiritual. It acknowledges that the German Empire had reached a formidable height of greatness, and that in many ways it was vastly superior to the stumbling and untidy democracies of Europe; but it examines that disciplined German greatness and that manufactured German superiority, and asks the question of Jesus: *What shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and lose his soul alive?* In other words, State despotism, in the opinion of Conservatism, is destructive of moral character.

Socialism in England is of a mild aspect and does not yet lend itself to dramatic treatment; but it represents all the same that way of looking at political problems which inspires the Bolsheviks of Russia. It is a creed which is rather fashionable among earnest young men at the universities, and among its devotees are some of our most decadent painters of bad pictures and many of our most decadent writers of absurd poetry. It has a note of newness which is attractive to weak minds, and a strain of wildness and revolt which is meat and drink to foolish stomachs. Curiously

enough it is as popular in the dullest red-brick chapels of Dissent, where it was born, as in the most flagrantly unmoral studios of Chelsea, where it is hailed as the apostle of free love and the iconoclast of all bourgeois respectability. One seems to feel that it is a notion which can capture the heart of the self-righteous as easily as it can turn the head of the most abandoned. Under the Red Flag, Calvin and Horace Walpole are met together, Wesley and Oscar Wilde have kissed each other. And at the back of these discordant disciples of an economic heresy are gathering an ever increasing multitude of the workers—men and women who are out of love with the present system, who find life hard and difficult, and who are as ready to be deceived by the bunkum artists of political agitation as any dolt at a country fair by the patter of a Jewish cheapjack.

In every country of the world the political forces are more and more grouping themselves in this manner. Two utterly antithetical principles are every day emerging with greater distinctness from the clash of humanity's economic struggle with the forces of nature. Men and women are beginning to see life only from these two standpoints. Revolution is opposing itself to Evolution. The State is setting itself against the Individual. Mechanism is preparing to crush Personality. This struggle, this clash of two antagonistic principles, is manifesting itself in England in a manner

peculiarly English. It is not such a struggle as gave to Thomas Carlyle so many picturesque opportunities to convert the unpleasant vehemence of the French Revolution into memorable literature. There is nothing Latin in its atmosphere, and nothing Slav in its gestures. It will never satisfy the so-called Mr. Trotzky nor fill the beautiful heart of Mr. Litvinoff (if that is still his latest *alias*) with pious ecstasy. It is, one must confess, a rather dull struggle. It differs from other tremendous battles of the political mind as a game of chess differs from a prize-fight. Nevertheless there is in the calm atmosphere and quiet stillness of this English battle an intellectual value enabling the democracies of other countries to see more clearly and distinctly the features of the contest in which the whole world is now more or less involved. However *bourgeois* Mr. Ramsay MacDonald may have appeared to the impatient eyes of Lenin, he is the undoubted herald of a Communist army, which intends to destroy the present basis of society, and much more thoroughly than Lenin succeeded in doing, to do away with capital and private enterprise, and to make of the British Empire a number of self-determined Soviet Republics.

If the American reader will glance through these windows of Westminster, from which I have attempted to remove some of the dust accumulated by past controversies, he will see that the protagonists of English Conservatism stand for many of those things which

are dear to the Constitutionalists in his own country, and that the features of English Socialism, under their mask of moderation, are identical with the features of Revolution in every country under the sun. He will see that the English Socialist is attempting to do gradually and peacefully what the Revolutionist in other nations is attempting, or has attempted, to do at one disastrous blow. And he will see that the English Conservative is opposing himself to the moderate and plausible Labour Government because he knows that the ultimate object of this Government is to put genius into chains, to enthrone mediocrity, and to substitute for personal liberty, free discussion, and Parliamentary institutions the despotic dictatorship of a few determined pedants.

It will be clear to American readers that a triumph for English Socialism would mean the disruption of the British Empire, and that the falling apart of such an immense political structure would have grave and powerful reactions in every quarter of the globe. The American Continent could not view without disquiet, for example, a military Asiatic power seizing the empire of India, and perhaps thrusting out its well-disciplined legions as far as Australasia. It could not feel itself so free to work out its great destiny in peace if England counted for nothing in Europe, and her example of revolution was being followed in many other nations. No Monroe Doctrine can isolate America from the

real politics of the human race. No Fordney Tariff can protect the American citizen from his natural relationship with the rest of mankind. By the Will of God, the United States are, in particular, shareholders in the world mission which England has obeyed for so many centuries, and of which the American Constitution is itself a consequence. Easier would it be for England to survive some great political catastrophe in the United States than for America, with all her wealth, power, and population, to survive the downfall of the British Empire.

Therefore it is not a presumption, I hope, to think that people in America may be glad to read this book and to make themselves acquainted with the present crisis in English politics. Most of the men whose opinions I have endeavoured to express in these pages are the chief captains of our Constitutional legions. They will either destroy the work of our Socialists or themselves vanish from the stage of human history. They are not so much the leaders of a political party as the apostles of the democratic principle. If they are destroyed, their places will be taken by a tyranny—either a Communist tyranny, or a Fascist tyranny. Let the American reader who believes in democracy assure himself of this truth—let him, also, put out of his mind all prejudices against old-fashioned Toryism, which is as dead as George the Third—and he will come to feel that these Conserva-

tives in England are fighting his battle as well as their own, and that they will be as heartened by his interest in their difficult struggle as the British troops in France were heartened by the appearance of the American Armies in 1917.

America and England are the strongest pillars of peace and sanity left standing by the World War. Between them they uphold the great cause of human civilisation. Let them know each other well, and understand each other's part in world politics, and democracy may hope to survive, with sufficient strength to fulfil its difficult destiny, all the recurrent onslaughts of despotism, whether they come openly and frankly from a foreign militarism or secretly masked and cloaked, like an assassin, from the secret hiding-places of an international conspiracy.

D.

London, July, 1924.

INTRODUCTION

Perhaps as long as there has been a political history in this country there have been certain men of a cool, moderate, resolute firmness, not gifted with high imagination, little prone to enthusiastic sentiment, heedless of large theories and speculations, careless of dreamy scepticism; with a clear view of the next step, and a wise intention to take it; a strong conviction that the elements of knowledge are true, and a steady belief that the present world can, and should be, quietly improved.

—Walter Bagehot.

States, as great engines, move slowly—Bacon.

My own origins were living within me; by their light I could see clearly that this England was pre-eminently the home of a decent happiness and a quiet pleasure in being oneself. I found here the same sort of manliness which I had learned to love in America, yet softer, and not at all obstreperous; a manliness which when refined a little creates the gentleman, since its instinct is to hide its strength for an adequate occasion, and for the service of others.—George Santayana.

"I am a Conservative," said Disraeli, "to preserve all that is good in our Constitution, a Radical to remove all that is bad"—a phrase which perhaps represents

the politics of most reasonable people. But difficulty arises even for reasonable people when we attempt to decide what things in our Constitution are good, and what things are bad.

This is clearly a matter not to be decided from the slight altitude of a soap-box; nor, with so many half-breeds in the political flock, is it easy for an unqualified layman to separate even the sheep from the goats. Let any great question arise in this debatable region, and, if wigs are not immediately on the green, at least there is considerable and widespread evidence of fog in the public mind.

Only one way exists out of the political confusion which arises in this matter, and which is so dangerous to the welfare of the State. It is a return to first principles. What are the principles which govern Conservative policy? and what are the principles which govern Socialist policy?

For the moment I leave Liberalism out of court. The people of Great Britain have decided, so far as one can see into their minds, to choose between Conservatism and Socialism. I can perceive, at any rate, no manifest sign that democracy is up in arms for the present champions of Liberalism, or that it is caring a button about those unfortunate temperamental differences which appear to afflict the political relations of Mr. Lloyd George and Sir John Simon with a noticeable peevishness. It seems to me quite certain that demo-

cracy has decided to take its Liberalism henceforth with a grain of salt, and that while Mr. Lloyd George, the political father of Sir William Sutherland, may always be sure of triumphal processions and requests for his autograph, he is extremely unlikely to become possessed, in the next few critical years at any rate, of the latchkey of Number Ten.

With Liberalism thus out of the way, except as a nuisance to the Conservative and a convenience to the Socialist, it is a comparatively easy matter to state the differences which separate the two chief parties in the State. The principles of Conservatism differ sharply, distinctly, and entirely from the principles of Socialism. Democracy, however confused its thinking, and however apathetic its vision, should be able not merely to perceive that great difference, but also to feel it in its bones. Conservatism is the very breath of English history. Modern Socialism is a mushroom forced by Russian atheism on the dunghill of German economics. The one is at least an element in every Englishman's patriotism; the other, the poisonous vodka with which international enthusiasts stimulate their blissful vision of a world proletariat in chains to a world bureaucracy.

But not every Conservative uses his brain, and not every Socialist shows his hand.

The danger of the present time lies in a Conservatism false to its traditions and a Socialism masking its aims. Democracy may here very easily be confused. It may

decide, in its good-natured and easy-going way, that Labour should be given another chance; and it may easily come to think, in the absence of a vigorous propaganda, that Conservatism is little more than a picturesque survival from the Middle Ages.

Conservatism, then, has two duties: honourably and courageously to live up to its traditions; fearlessly and earnestly to tear the mask of moderation from the Bolshevik features of Labour. Unless it sets itself to discharge both of these duties, it seems to me that Labour will return to power with so great a majority that even Mr. J. H. Thomas will be forced to take the white-slip from his waistcoat and to roll up his shirt-sleeves in the interest of Moscow and the Red Flag. There is only one generation, Americans say, between shirt-sleeves and shirt-sleeves.

At this point we return to the matter of principles. What are the authentic principles of Conservatism? and what are the authentic principles of Socialism?

The pages which follow attempt to answer these questions. The reader will find various views of Conservatism expressed by the various members of the Conservative party with whom I have discussed the matter; but he will see that underlying all these superficial differences of outlook and opinion there is a sure and solid foundation of political principle, a strong unity of purpose which Disraeli summed up as a threefold object—the maintenance of our institutions, the

preservation of our Empire, and the improvement of the conditions of the people.

It reveals to us the prescience of this great statesman of Conservatism that he so constantly and emphatically insisted upon the need of maintaining our institutions. In those days even the wildest of reformers never seriously assailed the institution of Parliament or questioned the value of free discussion. But a day has now come when our Parliamentary institutions are regarded as the invention of a hypocritical *bourgeoisie*, and free speech is openly denounced as the cant of a tyrannical commercialism. It may not win loud cheers to remind democracy that Parliament is the only bulwark it possesses against the suffocating despotism of a Mussolini or the destructive brutality of an active Revolutionary minority; but it is nevertheless an urgent duty of the Conservative to profess his faith in the efficacy of our historic institutions, and to tell the people why Conservatism regards those institutions as essential to the liberty, the happiness, and the growth of the British nation.

At the end of the book the reader will find a statement of those authentic principles which unquestionably inspire Socialism, but which are not often honourably and courageously proclaimed by the tacticians of the present Labour Government. My object, let me explain in thus setting forth the principles of Socialism in a book mainly concerned with an exploration of the mind

of modern Conservatism, is not so much to ridicule or to denounce Socialism, but much more to awaken the intelligence and the moral energy of those who profess and call themselves Conservatives to realise the nature of the conflict awaiting them.

I would ask the reader to think of me as one who honours the principles of Conservatism, but who regards the Conservative Party with the detachment of a man whose chief intellectual interests lie outside politics. I am interested in politics only so far as they touch English character. I pay attention to politicians only when they seem to me earnestly engaged in some matter which vitally affects the historic character of the English people. At the moment I am on the side of Conservatism, because the menace of the Socialist seems to me both real and near; but I must confess that I am anxiously on the side of Conservatism, lest it should fail to safeguard those things for which I care with all my heart. I could support a new-born Liberalism or a converted Labour Party which promised, not merely to fight the Socialists effectively but promised also to maintain our ancient institutions, to preserve and develop our incomparable Empire, and to improve the physical and intellectual conditions of our heroic people.

The fate of the country is largely in the hands of men and women who have lost the shrewd and natural instincts of ignorance without gaining the difficult and

compensating wisdom of culture. We are an urbanised nation of half-educated people, and it is a mark of the half-educated to be sceptical, apathetic, unimaginative, and capricious. The awakening of such a nation as this to the true nature of the many great moral and economic changes confronting civilisation is one of the most urgent duties of our time, as it is also one of the most difficult.

I have written this book in the hope that it may help people to understand and appreciate the fundamental principles of historic Conservatism, and also in the hope of stimulating those whose duty it is to keep democracy informed of the ever changing political situation to show much more energy, and perhaps, if I may say so without offence, somewhat greater intelligence, in their work of educating the mob of all classes.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Introduction to the American Edition	vii
Introduction	xv
I.—Mr. Stanley Baldwin	1
II.—Sir Robert Horne	27
III.—Mr. Edward Wood	47
IV.—Mr. Neville Chamberlain	65
V.—The Duke of Northumberland	83
VI.—Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame	101
VII.—Sir Douglas Hogg	121
VIII.—Captain Algernon Fitzroy	137
IX.—Sir William Joynson-Hicks	151
X.—Mr. Oliver Stanley	161
Conclusion	177

ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin	2
Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Stevenson Horne	28
Rt. Hon. E. F. L. Wood, P.C.	48
Col. Sir Neville Chamberlain, K.C.B.	66
The Duke of Northumberland	84
The Duchess of Northumberland	92
Rt. Hon. Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame	102
Rt. Hon. Sir Douglas McGarel Hogg, P.C.	122
Capt. the Rt. Hon. E. A. Fitzroy, M.P.	138
Rt. Hon. Sir William Joynson-Hicks, P.C.	152
The Hon. Oliver Stanley	162

The Windows of Westminster

MR. STANLEY BALDWIN

THE RIGHT HON. STANLEY BALDWIN

Born in 1867. Son of Alfred Baldwin. Educ.: Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. M.P. (Unionist) since 1908 for the Bewdley Division of Worcestershire. Financial Secretary to the Treasury, 1917–21. President of the Board of Trade, 1921–22. Prime Minister and Exchequer, 1922; Prime Minister and first Lord of the Treasury, 1923–24. Resigned after the election of 1924, retaining the Leadership in the House of the Conservative Party. Mr. Baldwin had the responsibility, as special commissioner of the Treasury, in securing an adjustment in Washington in 1923, of the war indebtedness of Great Britain to the United States.

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RT. HON. STANLEY BALDWIN

I

MR. STANLEY BALDWIN

He carries his English weather in his heart wherever he goes, and it becomes a cool spot in the desert, and a steady and sane oracle amongst all the deliriums of mankind. . . . It will be a black day for the human race when scientific blackguards, conspirators, churls, and fanatics manage to supplant him.—GEORGE SANTAYANA, *Soliloquies in England.*

Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him.—LOWELL.

. . . I prefer the liberty we now enjoy to the Liberalism they promise, and find something better than the rights of men in the rights of Englishmen.—DISRAELI.

MR. BALDWIN, who is before everything a countryman, conserves at the depths of his personality something that is now regarded by numerous people as a superstition. He believes that men may be used by the invisible forces of the universe as instruments for the good and elevation of mankind.

A man, in his opinion, however commonplace, however lacking in any of the qualities of genius, may nevertheless co-operate with the divine energy in the supreme work of evolution—the production of a higher human creature; that is, provided he sincerely desires selflessly to serve his fellow-men, and earnestly seeks his strength from the sole source of spiritual power.

He does not regard religion, even in its cruder forms, as dope for the people. He gratefully accepts it as the sustaining breath and the inspiring beauty of the moral life. His conservatism, which is more impassioned than many people suppose, is an aspect of this profound faith in a rational universe. He is a man, to use the phrase of George Sand, tormented by divine things. This is the compulsion which keeps him in the rather sordid and depressing atmosphere of modern politics.

Here is a plain, blunt, simple-hearted countryman living laborious and exhausting days in that forbidding atmosphere, which can have but one attraction for a selfless man, while his whole heart hungers and thirsts after the countryside from which only a mystical compulsion has expatriated him. He told me once how many years it is since he saw the blossoms in Worcestershire—six or seven lost springtimes, if I remember rightly. I said to him that his feeling for the country interested me because it was not governed by the sporting calendar. He replied, "The country that I love will still be there when sport is dead."

Speak to him of almost any part of England, and he will tell you that he once walked from such a village and over such a range of hills to some historic market-town in that neighbourhood; and perhaps he will tell you of a talk he had with a field labourer or an old village woman in the course of his walk. Like Edward FitzGerald, he loves these chance encounters on the roads of England, and seldom fails to discover in such occasions new reasons for rejoicing in his English blood. The idea that Charles Dickens exaggerated brings a smile to his eyes. Grub Street and Chelsea may think so, but not the man who goes into the highways and byways of English life.

There is about him nothing that suggests either the provinces or London. For good or for evil, his personality entirely lacks the flick of a cocktail. He is genuine cider. The small pinched-up eyes, with their uplifted brows, have the shrewdness of the shepherd rather than the sharpness of the merchant; the deep, grave, kindly voice has no note of drawing-room or art coterie, but the tone of a slow, pondering, decisive country mind. He is a man of action, but his activity suggests the fields and not the city. He is quick with humour and not a sluggard in the matter of wit; but both his humour and his wit never suggest the smoking-room and the dinner-party, but rather the open sky and a prospect of shining hills.

I think he has something of the peasant's obstinacy,

and is not altogether free from a certain obtuseness. He would light his pipe a dozen times and never perceive that his guest is not smoking. He can offend the feelings of his colleagues and never be aware of it. To take the closest of his friends fully into his confidence is as difficult a matter for him as to utter his opinions in public. He is hand and glove with no man, and listens rather than speaks, watches rather than leads. It is said of him that he is better at perplexing his own party than at harrying the enemy. Also it is said of him that while his heart entitles him to the respect and even the affection of mankind, the quality of his intellect is such as constantly to flabbergast his best friends.

In the spring that has just departed, I sat one afternoon on the terrace of the House of Commons talking with a youthful Conservative who is as full of fire as a loaded cannon. While he was pouring into my ears an argument for greater energy in the Conservative ranks, there emerged from the little doorway just behind our bench two elderly members of the Labour Party. These dusty-looking old men, without speech between them, advanced slowly to the next bench on our left, laboriously took possession of it, and as laboriously produced their pipes, filled them with tobacco and lighted up. Then they stretched out their legs, crossed their hands over their stomachs, and rested their weary eyes on the buildings of St. Thomas's Hospital across the water. At regular intervals one of them

slowly lifted a tired hand, removed his pipe from his lips, and leaning heavily forward spat upon the pavement.

Presently there shot out of the same little door from which they had emerged, a man who swung instantly away to the left, and with his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, his shoulders humped, and his head bent, proceeded to walk at a great pace up and down the east end of the terrace, which is reserved for members of Parliament.

What little sunlight there was fell upon his sand-coloured hair and gave it a reddish look, which accentuated the yellowish pallor of his face and the colourless character of his lips and eyebrows. A certain spruceness about him refused to harmonise with the leaden-hued stone of the Palace of Westminster. Nor was his stride in harmony with the melancholy austerity of the place; it was the quick and impatient stride of a man bent on business. Occasionally he raised his eyes and looked upward at the packed clouds, and the gulls falling through the misty air towards the river; but for the most part he walked with his eyes on the ground.

One of the pipe-smoking Labour members drew his companion's attention, by a prod of the elbow, to this pedestrian, who was the Conservative leader, and they both stared after him, and continued to stare after him for a long time, but blankly and without any vital interest.

This incident struck me as characteristic of the present position of politics. The more solid and old-fashioned representatives of Labour are in a disillusioned state of mind: they are both bored and disheartened: they cannot fit themselves into the club life of Westminster: the whisky-drinking in the tea-room is no distraction for them from the overpowering dulness of the Chamber; many of them would fain be home with wife and weans.

Mr. Baldwin also finds it difficult to fit himself into the work of the present Parliament. He, too, must sometimes escape from the boredom of speeches which change nothing, and from the incessant whispers and talk which besiege a party leader. He must get into the fresh air, exercise his muscles, and restore the natural and precious solitude of a man's soul. But whereas the two Labour men appeared to be worn out with fatigue and disappointment, Mr. Baldwin was evidently longing for real action and a decisive issue, impatient of wasted time, exasperated by the delays of a too-prolonged entr'acte in the great drama of human progress, longing to play his part in the future of mankind.

Not many people outside the small circle of his immediate followers are aware of the dream which he cherishes in the solitude of his soul, or of the nature of that compulsion which keeps him so doggedly and composedly at a post not always comfortable and some-

times even profoundly distasteful to a man of delicate feelings. He is so cheerful and bluff in social intercourse, and in public life apparently so easy-going and so slow to move, that many politicians take him to be a good-natured man of average ability who has never seen a vision, never nursed an ideal, and never hitched his waggon to a star. They are quite unaware of his true nature.

A clue to that nature may be found in two services which he rendered to the country during the term of his office. He, more than anybody else, broke up the Coalition. Why did he do so? He had seen that the government of the country was losing the moral character which had distinguished it during the Victorian period. He believed that if this moral decay continued it would be fatal to the greatness and glory of England. To strike at it, and root it out for ever, meant striking at some of the most brilliant intellects in the Coalition, and destroying some of the most promising of political careers in both parties. But he believed that it would be better for the country to have a less brilliant government, and for his party to go into the wilderness, even for a long period, than to continue a system which was poisoning the whole atmosphere of public life.

The effect of his decision led immediately to two reforms of the very highest significance. He swept away the dominance of the Press, and he cleansed the

Honours of their shame. From the moment of his accession to power the doors of Downing Street were shut fast against certain newspaper proprietors, who had come to regard ministers as servants of their will, servants, too, not above accepting gratuities in one form or another—Press magnates who had been able not only to compel the gift of titles for some of the basest men in politics, but even most dangerously and fatally to deflect the foreign policy of this great country from its traditional course.

For these two services, of which the public is not yet sufficiently aware, the nation owes Mr. Baldwin a great debt. The corruption of our public life had reached a festering height which threatened the health of the whole nation. There was an air of Tammany in Westminster, a touch of Bottomley in the party organisations. All that was morally bad in politics had gathered a courage and intensified an insolence which were carrying every successive barrier of decency and virtue before them. Men who could never have personally addressed the second secretaries of Salisbury and Gladstone were the close intimates, the gossips, and the go-betweens of the greatest ministers of state. There was no limit to the demands of these insurgents. They were not content with securing honours for themselves and their parasites, not even content with dominating the organisation of their parties and degrading the once noble profession of journalism; they were

determined, these gross and ignorant men, to govern the British Empire.

From this disgraceful state of things Mr. Baldwin delivered the reconstructed Conservative Party. He has restored the old standards. He has repaired the ancient barriers. Never again, so long as he is loyally supported by the best elements of his party, will the flood of Fleet Street return to Whitehall. Public life is again clean, if it is not yet altogether fearless; and I know that Mr. Baldwin could have to-morrow the powerful friendship of a certain Press magnate, at present engaged in striking every day at his reputation, by merely asking him to luncheon. That invitation will never be given.

These things, as I have said, are a clue to Mr. Baldwin's nature. He is a man who believes that the evolution of the human race is an evolution towards knowledge and power, and that absolutely essential to that evolution is a growth in the moral nature of man. England's part in this evolution, as he reads history, is the contribution of a very sturdy and yet tender moral character. He once told me that he loves to find evidence of this moral character in the works of the great English humorists—whose humour is always struggling to rise above grossness and salaciousness into the pure air of sweetness, tenderness, and kindness.

"What nation, save ours, could produce a Lamb and a Dickens?"

One of the questions that most disturbs him is how to keep the urban Englishman true to the rural type. He would like to see our dark and denaturalising cities dismembered, and their factories planted out in the country, with model villages surrounding them. He believes that every Englishman is better for a bit of garden, and that flowers play a deeper part in the affairs of men than either the historian or psychologist suppose. His love of the English is heightened by the knowledge that even in spite of the miseries and depressions of crowded cities, you may still find in their slums people who are true to the type which existed in a pastoral age. "No man, who knows our people," he said to me one day, "can be a pessimist; nor should he be an alarmist. But there is work to do. It is work for those brave people. Their true nature must be given a chance. The big cities are apt not only to shut out the wide horizon of the Empire, but to sap the force and gaiety of English character. We do not want masses. We want Englishmen."

In all his thinking there is this thought of English character, and its value for mankind. He is never tired of hearing a story that exemplifies the kindness or the courage of English character. And sometimes he will attempt in a few brief phrases to hit off the salient characteristics of the Englishman.

Our emphasis in this matter, he contends, is on sincerity. No one is so contemptible in English eyes as a

hypocrite. We can do with a rogue who is a jolly rogue, and who makes himself ridiculous in his roguery; but we cannot abide a humbug, particularly an oily or a pompous humbug. We play our games fairly. We love the man we can trust. We are sceptical about emotion, contemptuous of sentimentalism, and strong haters of cant. A man must ring true before we admit him to the outer suburbs of our intimacy; before we take him to our hearts, or follow him as a leader, he must be bone good. "Bone good" is a phrase that he utters with a rejoicing ring.

Such an Englishman as he has sketched does not talk often of the sorrows and sufferings of the poor; certainly never with a glib loquacity. It would turn his blood to vinegar even to think of using those sorrows and sufferings to advance his own political fortunes. Moreover, it is of the very essence of such a man to be practical. He will not let his feelings run away with him. He will not contemplate measures which might possibly make matters worse. He asks himself what can be done to relieve their sorrows and sufferings, what can be done to raise the whole standard of British democracy, and he does not move until he is sure that his remedy is in harmony with the processes of evolution.

Years ago, when he was a young man in his father's works, Mr. Baldwin conceived the ambition to be Prime Minister of England. It was part of his romantic

youthfulness and soon disappeared in the increasing pleasure of his daily duties. He got to know the workers intimately, and found in their hearts the same atmosphere and the same music which he had always found in the Worcestershire countryside. They became for him the living England of his deepest affection. To know them enriched his own life, widened his sympathies, strengthened his faith, and purified his patriotism. He began to think of politics once again, and this time seriously, but with no personal ambition; his sole idea was the thought of being useful to these very lovable people. His father retired from Parliament after sixteen years' service, and Stanley Baldwin succeeded him in the seat. He, too, has now served for sixteen years. Throughout this time he has been faithful to the first idea which took him into politics, but of late years with a new passion, and with a much stronger compulsion. Of this compulsion I have already spoken, but it is now necessary to speak of it with greater clearness.

It manifested its force, with a new and deep intensity, when, quite unexpectedly, and to his immense surprise, he found himself called upon to play a decisive part in Conservative politics. He asked himself how it should be that a man so habituated to the humility of back benches could thus suddenly find himself called upon to occupy the chief place in the counsels of his party, and the government of his country.

The answer he made to this question cannot be given in words. Men of his make do not easily talk of such matters, nor have we yet, perhaps, invented the modern equivalent for mystical phraseology. It is enough to know that he took office with a deep sense of responsibility to the creative Power, and with the hope that in spite of his shortcomings he might in some humble fashion be used to further the greatest causes of humanity.

He struck his first blow quickly and decisively. Public life was cleared of evils which threatened it with the worst calamities. That done, he found the compulsion in his soul driving him forward to a labour which kindled all the enthusiasm of his thoroughly English nature. He saw that to do its work in the world Conservatism must draw its strength from the confidence and affection of the working-classes; and he believed that with more energy and enthusiasm in the ranks of the Conservative Party, that confidence might be won gloriously in spite of all the gibes of academic Liberalism and all the alien ferocity of Communism. Was it not a suggestion of value that he, a man who had long lived with and loved the working people of England, who knew that the common people of England, the shepherds of Cumberland, the steel workers of Sheffield, and the ploughmen of Norfolk, that these nameless ones and not Mr. Lloyd George nor Lord Haig had won the greatest war for human freedom ever fought

in the history of mankind—was it not a suggestion of value that because of this great love for, and confidence in and knowledge of the English people he had been called, so unexpectedly, to the head of the oldest party in the State?

To understand his attitude towards the working-classes is to understand all that is best in the mind of modern Conservatism. With his strong love for the simple man goes a great antipathy for the *intelligentsia* of Labour. He feels that these bookish champions of democracy have no real affection for the workman, that their hearts, such as they are, are given to economic theories, and that they are ready to sacrifice the personal freedom of the individual citizen and the domestic happiness of the multitude in the interest of ideas which have never yet worked in any nation under the sun. He regards them as usurpers in the affections of the working-classes.

His anger is stirred by their hypocrisy in affecting a sympathy with the sorrows of the working-classes which in truth they have never genuinely felt. His resentment is quickened by that method in their propaganda which would make the working-classes see in the Conservative a selfish and arrogant champion of vested interests as far removed from any sympathy with the poor as Dives from Lazarus. His contempt is moved by their association, secret or openly avowed, with those foreign mercenaries of revolution who sow

among our working-classes the poisonous tares of class hatred and irreligion, with no other purpose than the ruin of English character and the destruction of the British Empire.

But for the best men in Labour he has respect, and sympathy, and even affection. Indeed, it is one of the most interesting features of the present political situation that between Conservatism and Labour there exists a sympathy which is entirely lacking between Liberalism and Labour. Mr. Baldwin regards this genuine sympathy as a continuance of the feeling which existed in old times between the squire and the villager, between the old-fashioned employer and his man, and he believes that the best men in the Labour Party, with the best men in the working-classes, do still trust the Conservative as a man who keeps his word, is kind of heart, and is sincerely anxious to do his duty.

But while he feels this sympathy for the old-fashioned trades unionist, and is conscious, with so many other Conservatives, of a real affection for certain men in the Labour Party, he sees clearly that not very far ahead of the road on which they are both now travelling there is a signpost pointing in two contrary directions, the one towards a slavish Communism, the other towards an intenser and far richer Individualism.

Examine the mind of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and the mind of Mr. Stanley Baldwin, and you see in a moment the most vital characteristic of the present

situation. Both men are earnest and unquestioning Christians. Both men are inspired with the idea of lifting up the human race from the squalid and destructive materialism of recent times. Both men are solicitous that such should be the conditions of human life that the soul of man may become naturally conscious of its spiritual nature and its spiritual destiny.

But Mr. MacDonald believes that this end is to be reached by destroying every incentive to individual enterprise which acts upon the cupidity and selfishness of the human heart. His millennium is the condition of the synagogue of the Nazarenes in the first years of the Christian era. We are to have no trade in the country which is not inspired solely by the idea of rendering unselfish social service. We are to have no patriotism which may in any way offend the brethren of other nations. The tremendous differences, the infinite differences, which now exist by reason of climate, blood, and history between nation and nation are to be overcome by a universal acknowledgment that we are all sons of God, and therefore heirs of eternal life. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, one may say without offence, has never loved his country.

Mr. Baldwin, on the other hand, cherishes the faith of John Milton that the Creator of the universe has a particular mission for the Englishman, and that it will take many centuries before that mission is fulfilled. He believes that individual enterprise is a healthy, and may

become a noble force in the affairs of mankind. He believes that men are not born equal, that no mechanical arrangement can make them equal, and that out of the inequality of men arise both the drama of existence and the prosperity of human welfare. To him the man of genius is not an enemy of mediocrity, nor an anti-Christ, but the captain of human progress, the elder brother of those who lag behind. Further, he believes that the whole purpose of creation with man, "a creature most dear to God," is to render him a free being, not an automaton, a free being able to choose right because it is a higher thing than wrong, and to choose self-reliance because it is a nobler thing than servility.

For some distance, with only an occasional quarrel by the way, Mr. Baldwin and Mr. MacDonald can travel very friendlily together; but both of them know very well that presently the road will bifurcate, and that when that point is reached they must inevitably part company. Moreover, both of them know that the road on which they travel is a convenient ambush for assassins. Mr. MacDonald thinks that at any moment Mr. Baldwin may be struck down by a Conservatism impatient of his moderation and suspicious of his sympathy with Labour. Mr. Baldwin thinks that at any moment Mr. MacDonald may be swept away by the brutal forces of anarchy and atheism which are equally impatient of his moderation and suspicious of his sympathy with Conservatism.

It is a part of Mr. Baldwin's work to convince the quiet and just-minded people of this country that while danger exists at every moment the point has not yet been reached where the road of progress bifurcates. He does not believe that any good is to be served by frightening, or attempting to frighten, the common people of the British Islands. He has small faith in political campaigns and mass meetings which make the welkin ring with their cheers. Those things pass and are forgotten. It is an element of his faith in the good judgment of the British people that they tire of spell-binders and fire-eaters, and give their serious attention only to a man who has convinced them of his seriousness and his moral goodness.

He thinks it would be a right thing for Conservatives in the country to fight the soap-box Communist, and to keep fighting him all the time; but he does not think that any high and lofty purpose is to be served by nagging at the present Government in the House of Commons. He is not in the least averse from a fight; indeed, he is always heartened and inspired by the clash of conflict; but it must be a real fight, no sham manœuvre, and a fight in which a man may lose his life with neither shame nor regret. In no other fight will this authentic Englishman draw his sword. He is essentially a captain of the people, not the conspirator of a party.

His indifference to attacks upon his leadership

springs from no immodesty, but from the feeling that the great body of Conservative opinion wishes him to carry on. He will be quite ready to go when what is best in the party points to the door—that door which leads for him to the blossoms of Worcestershire and the sight of the ploughman coming over the hill. But, as for these base and unscrupulous attacks from men of no moral character, he puts them aside with contempt. Such men, he tells you with a smile, are the degenerate descendants of the old robber barons, and if they had any real pluck they would now be leading murderous expeditions into heathen territories, or attempting to usurp the power of the Crown; but, lacking pluck, they seek to gain their commercial ends by the methods of footpad and apache. "There has always been that type of person; politics has always had that species of assassin." He sees in the Clydesiders this same persistence of type, but with a noble difference. "They are the old Covenanters; vehement men dominated by one idea; I like many of them, and all of them, I think, though they would gladly slay me and my friends, would not in the least object themselves to be slain for their cause. They are wrong-headed, but they are not black-hearted."

It is urged against him by his critics that he is ignorant of the rules of procedure in the House of Commons, and does not often enough arouse the enthusiasm of his party by sudden raids into enemy terri-

tory. He is thought to be a little lethargic and a good deal too easy-going and indulgent. Even some of those who most reverence him, and indeed have told me warmly that they love him, complain that he does not inspire the party in the House of Commons with that hot and gallant fighting spirit which is essential to a vigorous and conquering Opposition.

In the light of these criticisms I see Mr. Baldwin as something new in the political life of this country. To no Leader of an Opposition has any Government ever given more opportunities to strike a fatal blow. At every point—unemployment, housing, and reparations —the Government is vulnerable. A fool could make them look ridiculous; a bantam weight could knock them out. If he wished, Mr. Baldwin might very easily establish an enviable reputation as a Rupert of debate. He might be the hero of a "Scene in the House" every day that House is sitting. His wit might be the talk of the clubs, and his onslaught the delight of the street. But he neither taunts nor strikes. In some ways he appears even anxious to cover up his opponents' mistakes and to help them over difficulties. What is his purpose? Is it laziness, or is it guile? Is it cowardice, or is it a Disraelian strategy?

These questions imply that Mr. Baldwin is a politician of the nature of Mr. Winston Churchill or Mr. Lloyd George. They might also imply that he is in

politics solely to get office, and that he desires office solely to enjoy power. These questions, then, which seem so natural, cannot be answered, because they have no reference at all to Mr. Baldwin's character. To understand why he is not for ever rattling his sabre and hurrahing on his legions one must consider why he is in Parliament, and ponder his definition of a statesman.

From my knowledge of the man I am bold to say that he is in Parliament for no other purpose under heaven than to do his duty as an Englishman, and that his definition of a statesman would be "a politician who tries to do the Will of God."

It is difficult to write of these things. We have all decided not to speak of our innermost feelings, not to open the door to our neighbour and show him where we truly live. We mask our religion. We throw a cloak over our reality. Everything tends to become a pretense. "You ask me if I am going to *The Masquerade?* I am at it: *circumspice.*" Nevertheless one must endeavour to say that the guidance in Stanley Baldwin's life is far other than the guidance of party whips, and that the voice to which he listens most attentively is not the voice of the party organiser.

This man would utterly scorn to strike an opponent merely because he is an opponent. To hearten his followers or to heighten his own reputation as a leader, he would never kick a man who is on the ground. If the

Conservative Party should call for such a leader, he would go into retirement. For him, watching Labour in its appalling difficulties, and heartily desiring the hour for a fair fight and a fight to the death, the main business of his thoughts is to get, not a party victory in the House of Commons, but greater and greater numbers of the working-classes of the country into the ranks of an inspired Conservatism. And he cherishes the hope that it may be in the destinies of Providence that he should win for an enlightened Conservatism this confidence of the self-respecting workers of the country, and that at the head of such a disciplined and self-respecting party he should be able to bring Capital and Labour to a good understanding, and live to see the prosperity of his country established on foundations which nothing can shake—the British Empire the greatest power in the world for peace, justice, and virtue.

In some of the chapters which follow, particularly that which deals with the ideas of Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the reader will be able to see what Mr. Baldwin understands by the phrase an enlightened Conservatism; in this place I have sought only to leave upon his mind the impression which Mr. Baldwin makes upon mine, and upon the minds of those who are nearest to his confidence and best acquainted with his character. It is important, I think, that the country should be thoroughly acquainted with the nature of his mind.

He is a man of the most impressive and beautiful selflessness—a selflessness, as one of his colleagues said to me, almost childlike in its unconscious beauty. He is not a brilliant man, nor is the force of his character to be compared with some of those who are ready to supplant him; but there is nevertheless in the depth and composure of his spiritual life a power which is certainly greater than talent and a fire which, if it misses the magic of genius, at least escapes its instabilities.

He makes mistakes. He misses opportunities. He lacks the commercial cleverness of the professional politician. But he dreams a great dream, follows a true light, and his heart is clean. I do not know any other man in public life more likely to keep the respect of quiet people or to gain the faithful confidence of the steadier elements in the working-classes.

But he is not a good advertiser, and a powerful section of the Press is naturally determined to destroy him; therefore, if Conservatism means to maintain him as the captain of its fortunes, it is essential that the rank and file should take exceeding pains to acquaint democracy with the nature of his qualities and also with the character of his aims.

Loyalty, discipline in the ranks, and a great unselfish purpose animating the whole army, these are essential to Conservatism if it would unmask the real purpose of Labour, and render itself independent of a Press which has become a danger to the country.

SIR ROBERT HORNE

THE RT. HON. SIR ROBERT HORNE, P.C., G.B.E., K.B.E.

Born 1871 in Sterlingshire, Scotland. Educ. in Edinburgh College and in the University of Glasgow. President of the University Conservative Club, 1891. Ewing Fellowship, 1894. Lecturer in University College, North Wales, 1895. Examiner in Aberdeen University, 1896–1900. Member of Scottish bar, 1896. Conservative candidate for Sterling, 1910. Lieut. Col. Royal Engineers and Inspector General of Transportation, 1917. Director of Department of Materials in the Admiralty, 1917. Director of Labor Committee in the Admiralty, 1918. Third Civil Lord of the Admiralty, 1918. Minister of Labor, 1919. President of the Board of Trade, 1920–21. Grand Officer of the Crown of Italy. Director of the Suez Canal Company and of the Great Western R. R. Co. Lord Rector of Aberdeen University, 1921. Member of Parliament for the Hillhead Division of Glasgow, 1918–24. Vice Chairman of Baldwin Ltd., 1871–. Clubs: Carlton, Travellers, Garrick and Conservative.

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RT. HON. SIR ROBERT STEVENSON HORNE

II

SIR ROBERT HORNE

Variety is the mother of enjoyment.—DISRAELI.

Go in anywhere, Colonel! You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line.—PHILIP KEARNY.

IT has been said of Sir Robert Horne that he is a man without enemies. The gaiety of his nature and the sincerity of his mind disarm antagonism. He is Bertie Horne to a vast number of people. Even the Clydesiders are attracted to him. On one occasion they took his advice concerning a bill and trooped after him into the Division lobby, the chief of them exclaiming, "We have formed a new party, and Sir Robert is our leader!"

He reciprocates this friendly feeling. He is one of those solidly built and big-boned men who rejoice in life and are as mentally alert and as physically active as the lighter or more volatile order of human beings. He makes one think of a runner at the starting-point, on his toes and crouching towards the ground. He

laughs with his whole body and smiles with his whole face, but the mind is never unstrung nor the intellect off its guard. It is characteristic of his personality that with the largest and most generous ideas of hospitality, he does not smoke: smoking, he tells you, is the only virtue he has failed to acquire. His actions are also characteristic: he walks swiftly, the head carried high, the neck pressed hard against the back of his collar. The face is large and solid, the brow low and dense, the eyes quizzical, the skin stretched tight over the bone, the mouth humorous. His reddish hair tends to grow thin, but otherwise there is something boyish and even mischievous in his appearance; 1871, he will tell you, was a good vintage.

There is one man in the House of Commons, I venture to think, who does not like this glad-hearted and brilliant brother Scot, and for whom it would be impossible, on Sir Robert Horne's part, to entertain such kindly and indulgent feelings as characterise his relations with, let us say, Mr. Neil McLean and Mr. J. R. Clynes, or Mr. J. H. Thomas and Mr. Maxton. The man to whom I refer is the Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

This discordance, if I am right in thinking it exists, is not due to any accident of temperament, but is fundamental to the real life of each man. It is spiritual. Sir Robert Horne is a philosopher, not a demagogue; he is a man of action, not a visionary. Life has ham-

mered and shaped him into a formidable person. He has toiled, he has suffered, and he has been frustrated in spite of his laughter and his jests. While Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was labouring to acquire the emotional support of democracy, Sir Robert was labouring to equip his mind with knowledge. Born in a Scotch manse, of a family which gave many ministers to the Church of Scotland, and with no financial security of any kind in his youth, no promise of powerful influence in his early manhood, he contrived, by means of scholarships earned entirely by his own intense studies, to complete a brilliant education at the University, to become the friend of those two great brothers John and Edward Caird, and to establish an honourable reputation at the Scottish Bar.

These toilsome days left no black mark on the man's mind. A more cheerful person it would be difficult to find. Even when he is speaking most seriously, and with the whole weight of his personality behind the words, one observes those first movements of laughter which break up the firmness of a face and splinter the hardness of intent eyes into the light of smiles. For the most part his intercourse is full of anecdote, quotation, and a genial persiflage; but occasionally the left eyebrow goes up half an inch above its fellow, the stone-grey eyes search the eyes of his companion, and the pleasant friendly voice becomes stern and destructive. There are certain things he hates. I have heard him

find generous excuses for men I heartily dislike and for actions I regard as unpardonable; but I have also heard him deliver judgment on traitors to their country and I am in no doubt as to the power of his scorn.

For the sake of his country, and on the threshold of fortune, Sir Robert abandoned the Bar, came to Whitehall, rendered the State great service at a moment of the gravest political crisis, and, when the Conservative Party was defeated at the last election, carried his talents into business and began to build up afresh a new career. He never complained. He is perfectly content with his present lot. He is satisfied because he is enlarging his knowledge.

From his boyhood he has been a Conservative. He is a Conservative now, not by prejudice, but by conviction. His whole intellect has examined, endorsed, and accepted the Conservative thesis. He believes it to be not only the most natural faith for strong and self-reliant men, but the most fruitful and the safest faith for a vast democracy. In his eyes, Socialism is something much more perilous than an example of muddleheadedness; it is one of the most destructive delusions that ever vitiated human judgment. With sympathy and with indulgence he can see men of the type of Mr. J. H. Thomas and Mr. J. R. Clynes exhibiting themselves before the public as apostles of a new age; but I do not think that he has any sympathy with the furtive mind of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald,

nor that he looks with anything but the most watchful distrust on the internationalism and communism of that hard and secret brain. Mr. Snowden seems to figure in his judgment as a pedant, like Mr. Sidney Webb; but something surreptitious and evasive in Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who is by no means popular with his own party, effectually prevents, in my judgment, the approach towards him of any sympathy on the part of Sir Robert Horne.

Of the character and the strategy of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald I shall speak with some fulness in the conclusion to this book; but I should like the reader to keep in his mind, while he follows my exposition of Sir Robert Horne's Conservatism, the thought that it is the masked internationalism and the hidden communism of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald which inspire Sir Robert Horne with the greatest possible antagonism towards the Labour Party.

What is the meaning of Conservatism to this son of a Scotch manse, who has made his own way, through scholarship, to a life of the most vigorous and far-spread activity?

It stands in his judgment for the political expression of that humane sentiment which has always, in a greater or less degree, characterised the social and domestic life of men of our race. It is a continuance and an extension of that neighbourliness which moved the landowner, even when he could not afford to repair

his fences, to pension his workpeople and to find cottages for their widows. The old Tory was a man who did things for individual people, tried to make life better for them, kept in friendly touch with them, and whose relations with them improved and deepened as refinement grew and the moral sanctions were more clearly discerned.

These men, let us remember, created the incomparable beauty of the English countryside and were more responsible than any other men in the land for giving to English character that robust sturdiness, that genial good nature, and also that lovable tenderness which have manifested their sterner side on so many battlefields, in so many encounters on the sea, and also in the heroic work of pioneering through the length and breadth of the British Empire. There was something Shakespearean about those men, and what radiance now persists in our dark and troubled industrial existence shines mainly from their tradition.

In politics, the sentiments of these people expressed themselves in doing things for the people. Their opponents, the Liberals, did not want to do things for the people, but to alter the structure of the State. The Conservatives stood for the common people; the Liberals for the economics of practical manufacturers. The Conservative sentiment of humaneness was outraged by the sight of workhouse children packed in waggons journeying through the countryside to the fac-

tories in Lancashire. The Liberals replied that to interfere with economic law amounted to blasphemy, and proceeded to attack the Church. The Conservative grew angry when he heard of women in coalpits, chained to trucks and dragging them through the tunnels; such a thing was monstrous and inhuman in his eyes. The Liberal answered that these things were a part of necessity, and agitated for an extension of the franchise.

All the confusions which we inherit in our national life have descended to us from the days of the Industrial Revolution. That vast change in English life was made at a time when Pitt was absorbed in saving Europe from the tyranny of Napoleon. He and his Tories could not give their attention to the domestic situation, and when Castlereagh and Canning were reaping the harvest of Pitt's genius they found that the sheaves of European victory were thick with English tares. It was not until a great English gentleman, Lord Shaftesbury, lifted up his voice in the cause of suffering and unhappy people that Conservatism roused itself to grapple with the economic chaos. At that first movement of Conservatism towards its historic duty, Liberals of the type of Cobden and Bright raised the standard of non-interference with trade, and all the legislation of Conservatives for a reform of the factories met with the bitterest hostility from Scripture-quoting Liberals. It should never be

forgotten by the nation that in the darkest days of the Napoleonic menace the Radicals "tried to magnify Wellington's strategic retreats, especially after Talavera, into routs, and were always hoping something would happen to dash down the fortunes of the Wellesley brothers, even though that something involved the ruin of their country." The same spirit which existed at that time, and is openly confessed to by Creevey, existed during the Crimean War, the South African War, and the war with Germany.

The political duel of Victorian times was between an aristocratic and agricultural Conservatism which championed Labour and heartily disliked and distrusted the commercial middle classes, and a Liberalism which had no feeling of any kind for the unhappy and the poor, but an exuberant enthusiasm for tree trade in labour and raw materials. Conservatism wished to help people and to humanise industrial conditions, but did not wish to surrender its political power. Liberalism believed in giving the people a limited power, but leaving the laws of political economy to be interpreted by the manufacturer in the interest of the trade and commerce of the country.

The historic basis of Conservatism is a close, human, and individual sympathy with Labour; the historic basis of Liberalism is a passion for abstract ideas.

The Conservative was always the practical man in politics. The Liberal was always the doctrinaire. The

Conservative stood for reverence and authority; the Liberal for scepticism and dissent.

Disraeli did nothing new. His work lay in reviving the Conservative tradition. He did not create a Tory democracy; he awakened a Tory party that had fallen asleep and during its sleep had allowed the Liberals to steal its thunders.

Knowledge of these historic facts is necessary to a rightful understanding of the present situation. The Grand Army of Liberalism has disappeared. The Falstaff at present in charge of its tattered banners can no longer raise a ragged regiment to storm either the Church or the House of Lords. It has disappeared because, in attempting to outbid Conservatism, it has itself been outbidden in these days by a new party, the party of Socialism.

And what is Socialism? While denying the individual liberty for which Liberalism stands, it is as doctrinaire in its theory and as little practical in its policy. It, too, has no genuine and individual sympathy for poor people, and it, too, believes that the true reformer is he who effects structural alterations. Liberalism is hoist with its own petard. "You would disestablish the Church," says the Socialist, "you would abolish the House of Lords; you would tax industry in order to befriend the workers in their broken and dispirited old age; such things are fit only for higglers and pedlars; behold, we intend to make a clean sweep of the

whole basis on which your crazy structure stands: no more tinkering will be needed, for we are going to sweep away capitalism, we are going to sweep away private enterprise, and we are going to sweep away every vestige of individualism. Mount your soap-box and attempt to outbid us!"

Something of the same taunt is being levelled against Conservatism, yet in kinder tones, for the politician of Labour has affection and respect for the Conservative, but nothing save contempt for the Liberal. "You think," says the Socialist, "that you can improve human life by strengthening all those incentives of individualism which are more responsible than anything else for the hideous dreariness of manufacturing cities, for the wholesale degradation of human life which you profess to deplore, and for all those incessant wars which are inevitable in a world of selfish greed. Come into the open, and tell the people, who suffer terrible things under the present system, whether you are not the champion of the capitalist and the ground landlord."

The problem must be faced if it is to be solved. To sketch out a rival programme is merely to turn the back upon the difficulty. Sir Robert Horne, for one, is dead against any such procedure. He would not have the Conservative Party appearing in the market-place as a cheapjack of millennium, attempting to outbawl the Socialist. He would rather recall the

party to a study of its traditions, and revive in its soul a new enthusiasm for the historic articles of its faith.

The great danger of the present situation, as he sees it, is the success with which Socialism is meeting in its tactic of moderation. It is attempting by moderation and good works to create confidence for itself in the unsuspicious minds of the middle and lower classes, biding its time like a skilful general to strike the blow against a lulled and apathetic democracy which will shatter the present basis of society. It is not a party of moderation; it is a party using moderation for intemperate ends.

Will the people of this country be deceived? If they are, the fault will lie at the door of the Conservative Party. Liberalism has gone down, not fighting, but crying for sixpences from its supporters. Only Conservatism, the historic friend of the poor, the historic champion of English character, the historic builder of the British Empire, stands between an apathetic democracy and those who would ruin it for a doctrine. What is it doing, this great historic party, to fulfil its mission?

Sir Robert Horne would like to see among the rank and file of the party throughout the country the same enthusiasm for Conservative principles as that which sends the volunteer missionary of Socialism into the streets of great cities and even into the villages of the countryside. He does not think it necessary for

such apostles to be armed with a programme. He quite agrees that the politician cannot live on negatives, and that to be anti-this and anti-that does not cut much ice; but he holds that an assertion and a re-assertion of Conservative principles is in fact an active and positive effort, and that it is far better to make this assertion than to attempt to outbid in detail the millennial promises of the Socialist. A programme may be stated; it exists in outline at the present moment; but the main business of the Conservative is to convince the individual in every walk of life that Labour is Communism masquerading as a mild Socialism, and a Communism which will do nothing to increase British trade, nothing to develop the British Empire, but, on the contrary, will do everything to reduce this country to the condition of Russia.

To attack Socialism root and branch, in the opinion of Sir Robert Horne, is to make manifest at the same time the policy of the Conservative Party. The Conservative does not love the Russian Bolshevik and the German Communist more than his brothers in Canada and Australia. He does not look with anger and vexation of heart on the activities of the creative mind in commerce. He believes, on the contrary, that unless there is a wide freedom for the exceptional man, and complete confidence for the investing public, the wealth of the country will dwindle, the condition of the poor will become desperate, and all the promise of the

British Empire will depart. He is a man who seeks to multiply wealth until it is sufficient for the needs of the human race, not to divide and subtract the obviously insufficient wealth of the present time. He believes, further, that effort and struggle are essential to the health of the mind, and that a nation of spoon-fed, slavish communists, living under the tyranny of an academic bureaucracy, would lose its self-respect, as well as its prosperity, and would soon definitely cease to be British.

Few men in the country could better lead a campaign of this character than Sir Robert Horne. He was in charge of the Ministry of Labour when there were something like 2,000,000 disillusioned, embittered, and unemployed soldiers in the midst of a country exhausted by the nervous strain of the war and impoverished by a merciless taxation. The history of those days has never been written. Sir Robert Horne, I think, is the only man who could write it with full knowledge of the facts. It would be a book to startle many people. He has sometimes spoken to me of those tremendous days. "What issues we had to decide! And how quickly! When I read that Disraeli would spend sometimes two months in preparing a single speech, I am inclined to wonder if we are not separated from that period by centuries instead of decades."

To him also fell the lot of fighting the miners'

strike. He proved himself in that titanic struggle a statesman of the greatest wisdom and the highest courage. He stood firm against all his critics, those of his own household as well as those of the enemy, and he stood firm and unconquerable against the organised forces of the miners. America watched that struggle as well as England, and Sir Robert's victory was hailed over there as the first definite step from the insane finance of war to the only sane finance which could re-establish industry on a normal and healthy basis.

It is important to know that Sir Robert Horne fought that great battle with no enmity in his heart towards the miners. He fought it solely for the sake of the community. He knew that wages had to come down, and that unless manufacturers could obtain coal at a reasonable price there would be no wages at all for men in other trades and for unemployed soldiers returned from the War. It was because he was fighting for the community that he was able to withstand the grim determination of Mr. Robert Smillie, the fidgeting statistics of Mr. Frank Hodges, and the clamour of nervous politicians for peace at any price.

The parish of Sir Robert Horne's birthplace was the centre of a mining community and he brought to the task of negotiation a complete and intimate knowledge not only of the conditions under which miners work, but also of those in which they live.

When he was being accused sometimes of callousness

and total ignorance of the miners' lot, he was the last to be unmindful of the hard and sordid conditions in which so many colliers are condemned to spend their days. His heart is not worn on his sleeve; he has no such talent for emotional appeals as Mr. Robert Smillie possesses; but he can find many better excuses for the violence and the bitterness of the poor ignorant collier and his overburdened wife than for the affected sympathy with which the agitator approaches them in order to exploit their personal sorrows for his own political ends.

Much of the talk at the manse concerned colliers. His father was a man of wide sympathies and hard horse sense, and set himself to see what could be done for the improvement of the miners' lot. As far back as the 'seventies the old minister pointed out that the volumes of steam for ever being wasted at the pithead might be turned to the labour of heating baths and drying clothes for the miners, so that they could return to their cottages clean and refreshed after the day's work. It was an unlucky chance for Mr. Robert Smillie and Mr. Frank Hodges, both able men for whom Sir Robert has respect, that in the days of the greatest strike on record they had to deal with a man, not only strong in the conviction that it was his bounden duty to serve the community and not truckle to a section, but a man who knew almost as much about the life of a collier as they themselves.

That such a man is a tower of strength to Conservatism needs no argument. The interesting question is whether he can yet afford to give up the time which is necessary for the pursuit of politics. He is a director of the Suez Canal, of Lloyds Bank, of the Commercial Union Assurance Company, and vice-chairman of Baldwin's. His personal correspondence is world-wide. It occupies two hours of every day before he gets to his administrative duties. And it is absorbingly interesting.

He has been a professor of philosophy and could have been happy enough lecturing on Aristotle and Kant for the rest of his days. He has been an extremely successful advocate at the Scottish Bar, and could have been well content to follow that career to its honourable and dignified conclusion. He has been a minister of state, and at this moment has as large a following in the House of Commons as almost any other man. But the splendid life of creative commerce—commerce which reaches out to all nations and permeates in a thousand ways the destinies of the human race—offers opportunities to his mind for dreams and for action which he finds it hard to refuse.

Nevertheless the need to unmask the dishonest moderation of the Labour Government, and to fight conspiring Socialism with all the energy and trained thinking power of the nation, presses on his mind. He is pulled in this direction and in that. His great physical strength, his inexhaustible nervous energy, and

the extraordinary rapidity with which his mind works, enable him for the present to take his part in both fields of action with conspicuous success. But the day cannot be far when he will have to decide for one or the other, and though his patriotism is strong and his love of politics is powerful enough, I am inclined to think that for the present at least he will decide for commerce. One thing only would be strong enough to change this current in his life, and that would be any sign of weakening or weariness in the ranks of Conservatism.

MR. EDWARD WOOD

THE RT. HON. EDWARD FREDERICK LINDLEY WOOD

Born in Ripon, Yorks, April 16, 1881. Son and heir of the Viscount Halifax. Educ.: Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. Fellow of All Souls, Oxford. Under-secretary for the Colonies, 1921–22. President of the Board of Education, 1922–24. M.P., 1910–24. Major in the Yorkshire Dragoons. Clubs: Carlton, Brooks's.

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RT. HON. E. F. L. WOOD, P.C.

III

MR. EDWARD WOOD

He was what a man should be to a woman ever; gentle, and yet a guide.—DISRAELI.

Conservatism has the colleges, the castles, the gardens, the traditions, the associations, the fine names, the better manners, the poetry; Dissent has the dusky brick chapels in provincial by-streets, the names out of Dickens, the uncertain tenure of the h *and the poor* mens sibi conscia recti. *Differences which in other countries are slight and varying, almost metaphysical, as one may say, are marked in England by a gulf.*—HENRY JAMES.

. . . he was one of those who cannot but be in earnest; whom nature herself has appointed to be sincere.—CARLYLE.

WHEN I say to people that Edward Wood seems to me the highest kind of Englishman now in politics, many of them look surprised and perplexed. "Edward Wood?" they question; and one can see in their eyes the effort of the memory to attach this name to some sensational event in Parliament or some haunting paragraph in the newspapers. "He is the son of Lord

Halifax," I explain. The trouble clears from their faces. "Oh, yes; of course; that extreme High Churchman." "He was Minister for Education in the late Government," I continue. The trouble returns. "Oh, was he!" they say, and dismiss Mr. Wood as a nonentity, and me as a pedant or a poseur.

But I have never had this opinion of Edward Wood challenged in the House of Commons. Men of all parties recognise in his personality something which is admirable, something which distinguishes him from other men. Even those who do not share his political opinions readily pay their tribute to the range of his intellect and the graciousness of his character; more remarkable still, even those whose intellectual qualities are the equal of his, but whose moral qualities have degenerated in contact with the sordid atmosphere of politics, never speak of him with an affected amusement as a religious bigot or a narrow-minded moralist; in the remarks of these latter politicians I often detect a tone of rather wistful regret, as if they were conscious in themselves of a loss for which the world they have gained has by no means compensated.

I call Edward Wood the highest kind of Englishman now in politics for the following reasons. He is a man whose life and doctrine are in complete harmony with a very lofty moral principle, but who has no harsh judgment for men who err and go astray. He is a scholar of real distinction, but his sympathies with ignorant and

half-educated mankind are both generous and affectionate. He has a most gentle and attractive sense of humour, but there is no derision in his words, and no unkindness in his smile. He is profoundly convinced of the truth of one form of the Christian religion, but he is as profoundly interested in the good work of men who represent quite different forms of that religion. He is wise, reflective, careful of his words, and unemotional in his public utterances, but he has a warm and cheerful admiration for the effective gab of a genuine spell-binder. He believes without one shadow of doubt that Conservatism is the truest and most enduring form of politics, but he can see the good that is in Labour, and in the sorrows and sufferings of the depressed classes he can perceive at least some excuse for the wild words of the extremists.

Like his friend Algernon FitzRoy, Edward Wood, who is only forty-three years of age, is six feet three inches in height, but holds himself with none of the rigidity of the Life Guardsman. It is difficult to think of him as a major in the Yorkshire Dragoons, or as hunting a pack of harriers at his home, or going out across the moors with a gun and a dog.

He has something of the priest-like, boyish look of the Cecils, and is of a rather dusty and untidy appearance, as though he lived chiefly among books and was entirely careless of practical matters. Under a strong forehead the large eyes are set deeply in the face and

look out upon life very quietly and entirely unexcitedly, with as much humour as sweetness, as much tolerance as earnestness, as much kindness as seriousness. The large and flexible mouth which is above all other things critical, expresses also good humour and friendship; never does it harden into severity or become firm and oppugnant with self-aggression. The face is self-evidently that of a grave, scholarly, and kindly man, whose wisdom is gentle, and whose sympathies are sincere.

Before the Conservative Government fell, and before Labour had given any indication that it would use moderate courses if it came into power, I was one night talking to Mr. Wood in his private room at the House of Commons about the manners and methods of the Labour Opposition. He said to me then: "Labour at present seems wanting in appreciation of the values of loyalty and discipline. Some of them say to me quite openly, 'Our troubles will begin when we get into power,' and 'Ramsay is the only man who can hold our crowd together.' Many of them are disorderly. Many seem to me essentially violent-minded. I do not think they find it easy to see any great question in its true proportions. Relativity would appear to have no meaning for them!"

But he added to these remarks, which were uttered without any unkindness at all, "Nevertheless, I am very glad that the point of view which these men

represent is articulate in Parliament. Our debates are richer for their presence. Not all of us are as near to the sufferings of the working-classes as they are. Sometimes I think we are like people listening to a band with wool in our ears; we hear, but the music comes to us muffled, seems to us remote, and does not really penetrate to our souls. These men, however misguided they may be in their opinions, and however violent they may be in publicly expressing them, do, all the same, bring home to the House of Commons the gravity of our social problems and the importance of getting fundamental things right.

"For example, much of the money we spend on education, believing that we solve the greatest of our political problems by this expenditure, is wasted. We have come to see that education is only one instrument of reform, and that it must be used in conjunction with housing reform if it is to give us a higher order of citizen. And we have also come to see that it must be more closely linked up with employment. This is to say, we shall never get value for the money we spend on education until the people live in better houses and are assured of regular employment. The whole atmosphere of their lives must be changed."

On that same occasion he told me that he had no fear of a Labour Government. The House of Commons, he said, had taught him that in all men there is something good, just, and straight. In spite of many

symptoms of materialism in the present generation, he believes that goodness is still the mark to which humanity is pressing. Among the Labour men he told me he had found few who thought more of cleverness than of character. However wildly they may express themselves in public speeches the majority of them acknowledge goodness as the highest thing in human life.

"There is something genial, too," he said, "about the judgments of the best of them. They seem to think, for example, that Lloyd George is a good argument for the doctrine of purgatory; he is not fit for the society of the elect, but not quite bad enough to burn permanently!"

At the present time Mr. Wood regards Labour more with pity than with anger. Its difficulties are great; in a few months they may be prodigious. He watches Mr. Ramsay MacDonald with a certain amount of sympathy. But he thinks that Conservatism is justified in criticising Labour with severity—and he is quite sure that the country will not recover from its present dangerous condition of uncertainty and drift until a strong and powerful Government is formed determined to rule the country and develop the Empire on the principles of Conservatism.

His definition of Conservatism is simple and convincing. It stands in his mind for an evolution of the social order as thorough and as peaceful as the evolu-

tion of nature. It is, moreover, not a mechanical nor a materialistic evolution, but a moral and spiritual evolution. The end of everything it does is the moral and spiritual nature of man. It is not a policy of mere expediency, but a definite thesis of life in action. It believes in confidence and security because trade cannot flourish without those conditions; and it desires trade to flourish, not for the enrichment of manufacturers and speculators, but because a flourishing trade is necessary for the revenues of the State and the personal welfare of the population; and it seeks revenues for the State and the personal welfare of the population because these things are necessary to the evolution of man's moral and spiritual nature.

There is now, he thinks, no stationary party in the State. "After the experiences of the last five years," he said in 1919, "men no longer fear new departures any more than one who has been torpedoed in mid-Atlantic would shrink from being capsized on his garden pond." Men in general, he thinks, now recognise that stagnation is not stability, and that "every minute is a journey." The dispute between them is over the character of movement. What movement in politics is towards better things, and what movement is either a movement aside or a movement backward? Socialism, in his view, is a movement clearly backward, for it involves the suppression of individuality, the curtailment of personal freedom, and the sacrifice of a great

and noble body of national tradition on the jerry-built altar of an utterly untried Internationalism.

Life as he sees it is a continuous struggle between the soul and the law, or, politically speaking, between the individual and the State. The object of a wise political system must be to strike a true balance between the personal rights of the individual and those of the society of which he is a member. A State cannot be healthy and progressive unless it provides full scope for individual enterprise and individual development; at the same time, an individual who denounced the right of the State to interfere with his liberty would soon fall into moral anarchy. A balance must be struck. The various loyalties of individual life must be linked up and harnessed to a greater loyalty on which ultimately they all depend. These lesser loyalties, he says, valuable as they are as the mainspring of much that is best in human life, become disruptive unless, consciously or unconsciously, they can find a contribution to make to some organism larger than their own.

"In the affairs of the next world the pure individual becomes the gloomy Calvinist, intent only on the importance of saving his own soul. In the affairs of this he becomes the greedy profiteer, intent only on increasing his bank balance without reference to the welfare of his fellows."

The Conservative does not regard the unusual man as an enemy of the State, but as a useful person whose

activities must be watched and whose profits may rightfully be taxed for the advantage of his less gifted fellows. He will do nothing to hamper the talents and energy of the unusual man, but at the same time he will not permit any exceptional person, however beneficent his activities, to use his powers in an unsocial manner.

The Conservative does not look upon the Empire either as an encumbrance to the British Isles or as a challenge to other nations. He regards it as a responsibility and as an opportunity. He believes that one of his chief duties to the present generation, and one of the greatest of his responsibilities to those who come after him, is a wise and just development of his tremendous estate. He is convinced that the Empire promises better social conditions at home, a greater and healthier race of English-speaking people for the future, and also by far the most powerful influence for world peace.

No student of history, Mr. Wood has said, can fail to observe the regularity with which, at intervals of a century, the duty has been thrust upon the British race of acting as protagonists in the defence of Europe against one form of tyranny after another. We can hardly believe, he says, that the historical film, of which, so far, the main scenes have been 1588, 1700, 1800, 1914, has been the product of anything but an overriding purpose, of which the final outcome is yet to be seen.

"That the British race in 1914 should have been empowered to play its part in the world struggle must compel the reverent mind to acknowledge with gratitude the heritage of the past that has been the instrument of the present achievement. In this spirit we shall surely seek to preserve all the best of what is old, in order that we may, in years to come, better discharge the duties of the national trusteeship which world events have laid upon us."

This attitude towards the Empire, and towards the moral character of the English people, is characteristic of modern Conservatism. It is an attitude of great firmness, strong courage, and no boastfulness. Nothing in the performances of the Labour Government has so disappointed and troubled Mr. Wood as its attitude towards the Empire. He sees now that Labour, however good its domestic and its foreign intentions, can easily inflict great damage upon this most precious and sacred achievement of British genius. He deeply deplores the break into our inter-imperial relations which Labour has so rudely and so roughly made. He has all the intellectual contempt of a man whose whole life is ruled by great principles, for politicians whose minds are ruled by a shibboleth. He cannot easily imagine how a man of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's vision is unable to see the benefit to our working-classes of developing the British Empire, nor can he understand how a party, representative of Labour, is unable to see what great danger

they run in flouting the wishes of our Dominions. The principle of generous co-operation, in his judgment, is vital to the maintenance of the unity of the Empire.

It is the essence of Conservatism, he says, to assert the essential unity of all classes and interests, to break down every barrier of prejudice and ignorance which prevent comradeship, and to denounce the odious spirit of class-hatred and sectional antagonism which is working in the country to destroy the freedom of the individual and the unity of both the nation and the Empire.

He believes that Conservatism may do much to bring employer and employed in closer and more harmonious relations, and that by a comprehensive scheme of insurance the Conservatives may do a great deal to relieve the workman of his more pressing anxieties. He believes that these things can be accomplished by wise and prudent Acts of Parliament, but he believes that even more important than Acts of Parliament is a revival of the Conservative spirit in the nation. From such a revival he looks to see in the national life a real sense of unity and comradeship, a real feeling of friendliness and co-operation, a real conviction that we are a great nation discharging great duties and bound by great responsibilities.

I once talked to him about the place of religion in politics. He thinks that, for obvious reasons, Chris-

tianity can never be made the touchstone of a detailed political policy, but believes that as an attitude towards the problems of the world it is essential to right action. The attitude of religion in an employer makes a good employer, and in a workman a good workman. It is an attitude entirely opposed to greed and dishonesty; it consecrates energy and sanctifies ambition; it robs commercialism of its ugliness and vulgarity; it gives grace and beauty to every aspect of everyday life.

Christianity, he thinks, thus can, and ought to, exercise a powerful influence on politics; but it not infrequently fails through a confusion in the minds of religious leaders between motive and action. The first can be brought to a spiritual test; the second must be judged by whether or not it is well calculated to achieve the desired result. It is clearly the function of the spiritual leader at all times to insist upon the moral responsibility of wealth in the face of poverty or want; but there is no reason to suppose that he will be a better judge than the statesman of the wisdom of particular proposals by which the State may secure that this responsibility is discharged. Thus to Lazarus the Church may justly say that she offers him an inward peace and a certain hope which will enable him to triumph over the social conditions of his material life; but she must also say to Dives, "What are you doing to help your brother Lazarus?

How are you using the riches and the powers which are entrusted to you only for a little while?" Too many clergymen, when they see the necessity for this admonition, rush into Socialistic excess, and denouncing Dives with ferocious hatred proclaim an economic gospel which would be disastrous to Lazarus. They do not see that the virtue of the Christian attitude consists in its gentleness and compassion. Hatred is foreign to it. " . . . Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing."

Edward Wood is greatly beloved and trusted by the people among whom he lives, and from his close, personal, and affectionate knowledge of his countrymen he is convinced that the day has not gone past, in spite of all the propaganda of atheism and hate carried on so ceaselessly by Communists, when the people of England can be appealed to in the name of religion and virtue. His faith in their good sense is strong and deep. His admiration for their moral qualities is boundless. A finer people, he holds, is not to be found anywhere under the sun; and to mislead such a people seems to him one of the greatest of sins.

He longs for a better world, and he prays for it. The unhappiness of many poor people, the divisions and separations of our social and political sectarianism, distress him and pain him, but never deject him. He holds firmly to his faith that love and good sense can

deliver man from all the delusions of materialism, and that a day will come when an England conscious of comradeship, and a British Empire conscious of unity, will lead the world into the way of peace.

His great affection for Robert Cecil, apart altogether from his own religious impulse, makes him a warm friend of the League of Nations; but he is practical and far-seeing, and he would not go the length in this matter which many of our idealists have already gone.

"Sometimes," he once said to me, "I wonder where one can look for a common centre for the world's loyalty. There was a time when every European nation acknowledged a common centre for its loyalties in the Church, and a world peace did not come even then; now, not only has that common centre ceased to exist for mankind, but there has been a powerful revival of nationalism and racialism, and it looks as if we are on the eve of a new fierceness in commercial competition. It would be foolish, I think, to expect for some time any absolute security for a long peace from the League of Nations. Humanity, one supposes, has far to go before War can be abolished. But the influence of a powerful British Empire, in friendly relation with the United States of America, may at least keep War at bay until the democracies of the world are on higher spiritual ground."

Peace is a word not very often on his lips, though

it is the secret of his own heart. But in everything he says one perceives that he is trying to find for mankind a way out of complexity, antagonism, strife, hatred, and confused thinking, so that they may be able to enjoy in their souls those invisible and intangible things of the spirit which are the bread of real life.

"To know Edward," one of his friends said to me the other day, "you must see him among his own people at Garrowby, and get him out on the wolds talking of the things that really count." It must be difficult for such a man, I think, to breathe freely in Westminster or to hold his faith unshaken in London. But few men at Westminster or in London have ever given me so sure a feeling that faith is stronger than circumstance.

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN

THE RT. HON. ARTHUR NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN

Born 1869. Son of the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. Educ.: Rugby, Mason College, Birmingham; Birmingham City Council and Chairman of Town Planning Committee, 1911. Alderman, 1914. Member of the Central Controlling Board for the Liquor Traffic, 1915. Lord Mayor, 1915–16. Director General of National Service, 1916–17. Postmaster General, 1922–23; Paymaster General, 1923. Minister of Health, 1923–24 (in the Baldwin Administration). M.P. for the Ladywood Division of Birmingham since 1918.

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COL. SIR NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, K.C.B.

IV

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN

This city and this country has brought forth many mayors
To sit in state and give forth laws out of their old oak chairs.
—WILLIAM BLAKE.

To tax the community for the advantage of a class is not protection; it is plunder, and I disclaim it; but I ask you to protect the rights and interests of labour generally.—DISRAELI.

A well-employed and prosperous community can buy and consume. An ill-employed community cannot buy and consume. This is the solution of the whole matter; and the whole science of political economy has not one truth of half so much importance as this.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

IN spite of a moustache and no monocle, Mr. Neville Chamberlain bears a much closer resemblance than his brother Austen to their famous father, of whom, like his brother, he is reverentially proud and a most faithful apostle. The mental resemblance, I think, is even greater.

One is conscious in him of that reined-in passion and that restive but controlled scorn of muddy-minded-

ness which made private conversation with Joseph Chamberlain so memorable an experience. He has something of the same physical delicacy, something of the same look of fragility, and the dark eyes burn in the ivory-coloured face with something of the same feverish brightness. Taller than his father, more upright and alert, with swifter gestures and a greater direction of mind, the voice has nevertheless that rather husky weariness of tone, however vivid his sentences, which marked the utterance of his father in private discourse, and gave almost a note of pathos to the confidences of his later years.

In one respect I think Mr. Neville Chamberlain excels the virtues of his father, and that the tidiness of his mind. Inflamed as he is by a consuming passion for the British Empire, he is careful all the same to get his political ideas into good order, and to subject every one of his thoughts to a rigorous analysis. Everything in his mind is classified and docketed. His expositions are marked by a convincing lucidity. A thread of logic runs through every sentence to the appropriate conclusion. I have never known him use an incongruous word or in the heat of controversy to loosen his control of his argument. He is a man who has prepared himself for every battle in which he is likely to be involved.

There is something romantic in his sudden appearance on the political stage. The superstitious might suppose

that the spirit of his father had intervened to call him from the field of local government to the high places of imperial statesmanship. His coming to Westminster has made a difference, and may well make a greater difference still. Perhaps there is no one now in Parliament, with the exception of Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame, so qualified as he is to convince the country of the wisdom and the promise of his father's ideas; and yet, until the late days of the War, the Empire was scarcely aware of his existence. If he keeps his health, and is encouraged and supported by his colleagues, he may do much during the next few years to revive within the Conservative Party those large notions of our imperial future and those courageous ideas of social reform which both in Disraeli and in Joseph Chamberlain sounded the true note of the Conservative tradition.

He holds that the working-classes of the country are responsive to the imperial sentiment. The imperial relationship, he will tell you, is as real to the poor man as to the rich. The poor man may not have the same exalted vision of the imperial destiny as the educated and the travelled man, but he does feel in his blood that the British Empire is something to be proud of, and he can be made to see that his own happiness and the improvement of his own English circumstances are bound up with the prosperity of the Empire.

It is the first business of the Conservative, he says, to begin his approaches to the confidence of the working-classes on imperial grounds. Let the Conservative not be afraid of the gibe that he uses the Empire in order to distract the workman's attention from the domestic situation; nor let him wince at the accusation of Jingoism. If he is a well-instructed man, if he is a genuine apostle of the imperial destiny, he will know how to turn these ancient taunts to the advantage of his cause. Let him, then, explain at the outset of his approach that he has come to talk to the workman about business, and business which touches his life, and affects his happiness at every point, and then let him proceed to develop his imperial argument.

Take the case of Canada. The people of this country do not yet realise the marvel of our commercial intercourse with that great Dominion. We are separated from it by thousands of miles of ocean. A crate of goods from Sheffield to some of the towns in the Middle West is man-handled again and again, and may take weeks to reach its final destination. The same class of goods might be despatched by rail or motor-lorry from an American city just across the border and be delivered to its consignee in a few hours.

Why is it that the Canadians prefer to trade with us, giving themselves the further trouble entailed by our different currencies? Is there not here a ground of reasonable appeal to the sentiments of our British

working-classes? Mr. Chamberlain has travelled in Canada, has addressed great meetings there, and has studied the facts of our commercial dealings with Canadian people. "I can describe the wonder of our trade with Canada," he says, "as nothing less wonderful than making water flow uphill. It is a thousand times more natural, and more reasonable, that Canada should buy what she wants from the Americans, who are most willing to take her wheat; but she goes out of her way to do the unnatural and unreasonable thing, because in her heart she cherishes a sentiment for the British Islands, and because with all her soul she believes in the future destiny of the British Empire. If the people of Canada, the vast majority of them sprung from our working-classes, entertain these sentiments, why should we despair of getting our own working-classes to entertain sentiments of a reciprocating kind?"

He thinks that our working-classes have not yet grasped the significance of colonial preference. In one year the Dominions gave us a preference of over £11,000,000. What does that mean? It means that our people across the sea paid to our people here at home £11,000,000 more than the foreigner would have charged, in order to make sure that they had British goods, which amounted to hundreds of millions of pounds in value.

Does this attitude of the Dominions towards the home country mean nothing to our working-classes?

Cannot they see that it is a good thing for them to have their kinsmen's faces, and not their backs, turned towards the British Islands? Do they not wish to take their part in building up the wealth, power, and domestic happiness of the British Empire? If the Socialist can appeal to them in the name of Russia, surely the Conservative may appeal to them in the name of the British Empire.

Mr. Chamberlain has explained to me why he looks towards the Empire as the main line of our forward march. He desires to see the Empire become greater, more glorious, richer, and more united, because he believes that it is a good thing for the world as a whole that there should be this tremendous commonwealth of freedom-loving and law-abiding nations in its midst, and because England, with no empire, would play only a very poor second fiddle to the United States in the higher tasks of civilisation. If we continue to grow great and strong, he argues, America will respect us, for quite rightly she respects only those countries which are not afraid of greatness; and if she respects us, she will not only co-operate with us in preserving the peace of the world and promoting the best kind of civilisation, but she will be content, helping us generously, to let our people do the main work of world-civilisation for which they have manifested so commanding a genius.

This is one of his reasons for taking the imperial path.

He believes in the British Empire as the greatest conceivable power for good in the general welfare of mankind.

But he has another reason for taking that path, and for taking it at this present moment with all the earnestness and eagerness of his intense nature.

He is a social reformer. He would call himself a Radical, and would not be greatly discomposed if someone called him a Socialist. He believes that every generation is an opportunity for making things better, and that there are conditions in this country crying aloud for reform. In order to make things better for English democracy and to reform those social conditions which impoverish our spiritual life and debilitate our physical life, he wants money, all the money he can get, and in the development of the British Empire he sees the quickest way of obtaining these communal supplies.

"Without a growing trade," he said to me, "there can be no money for social reform. The purse of the State, into which the Socialist thinks he can go on dipping his hand for ever, is filled only by industry. The State spends: it does not earn. Every activity in this nation—religion, science, art, literature, philanthropy—draws its revenue from the co-operating toil of capital and labour. Until democracy grasps this elemental fact of economics, it cannot have even the social reforms it deserves, much less the millennial perfection promised to it by the cranks of politics."

He argues that if we promote imperial consciousness in our democracy, we shall do something to bring Capital and Labour together, and much to increase the prosperity of the country. The Dominions will take our surplus population as well as our manufactures, and, growing swiftly into great nations, will be able to send us everything we need in the way of grain, fruit, and raw materials. Thus, out of the bounding prosperity of British trade, the statesman of Conservatism will obtain his revenues for social reform.

It is interesting to know Mr. Chamberlain's idea of social reform. He begins with Health. The first thing to do, he says, is to improve the physical health of the individual citizen. This enables a man to do his best, and puts him in the way of helping himself. "No social reform that does not do that," he says, "interests me a straw. I want to see our people in such a position that they can do things for themselves."

Health means Housing. He desires the Conservative Party to play a courageous part in housing reform. The citizen should be both encouraged and financially assisted to buy his own freehold. No barriers could so powerfully oppose the flood of communal anarchy as those built by a healthy and a sane democracy of well-housed freeholders out of their own domestic well-being. When he was elected to serve on the Birmingham City Council, the first committees he chose to join were those concerned with health and housing,

and he has never lost his enthusiasm for the work accomplished in those years. Much can be done by town-planning, he is convinced, to improve the domestic circumstances, often cruel and always uninspiring, of the working-classes. The State must help, it must help all it can, but its help must take the form of sharing with the individual citizen the cost of his improved circumstances and his greater happiness.

"Fundamental to my politics," he says, "is the conviction that it is the duty of a great State to help its individual citizens to help themselves; and fundamental to all my thinking is the knowledge, gained from experience and observation, that anything which tends to slacken the fibres of self-help and to dope the natural self-respect of a self-relying man is bad for that man, physically and morally, and bad for the State."

There is scarcely a reform, outside the absurdities of Communism, which he is not willing to discuss. His acid test for all the suggestions of the Socialist is the cost involved by the reform and its effect on the trade of the country. He never denounces a man as a Socialist. He examines his ideas. And if the idea is good and reasonable, he asks the Socialist two questions concerning it: How much will it cost?—and, Can the workman afford it?

An example of what I mean may be seen in his treatment of Old Age Pensions. He would limit the

benefits only by the cost of the workman's payments, and their effect on the industry in which he is engaged. He would like to see the pension raised to 25*s*. a week, and come into operation at the age of 65. This can be done with the co-operation of the State if the workman is willing to make a slightly greater sacrifice of his wages. Such a reform, he argues, would carry many advantages. It would remove from the minds of millions the shadow of a sad and sordid fear. It would spread over the whole body of the nation a more vivid notion of the satisfactions of thrift. And it would enable men to enjoy their old age in comfort and peace, while at the same time the younger men came sooner into their kingdom.

He would gladly include widows' pensions in this reform, and he would certainly make these increased pensions utterly independent of the private savings of the insured. He would be concerned only about cost. He would say to the workman, "If you are willing to do your share, the State will do its share. Work it out for yourselves. Consider the blessings and calculate the cost."

He has every reason to believe that the working-classes of the country would willingly put by money for such an advantage, and is convinced that they would cheerfully join with the State in buying their own houses. When he was Lord Mayor of Birmingham he started a Municipal Bank in that city. He was

ridiculed and opposed. At the end of the War—and the Act of Parliament only permitted the existence of such banks for the duration of the War—the funds amounted to £300,000. At the end of the War the Corporation took the bank over as a purely local enterprise, and to-day its funds exceed £4,000,000.

During his mayoralty a deputation from the local Trades and Labour Council approached him on the subject of the city's milk supply. He did not refuse to see them. On the contrary, he cordially invited them to lay their views before him. They said that the milk supplied to the city was insufficient in quantity, inferior in quality, and that in price it was prohibitive for many poor mothers with young children.

He asked them for their remedy. They replied "Municipalisation." He asked what they understood by that term. They could not tell him. He asked whether they meant that the City should act as retailer of the milk or wholesaler, or both, or whether they suggested that the city should begin with the cow. They could not tell him. They had not thought the matter out.

Instead of dismissing them with derision, he informed them that he would appoint a commission to go into the matter. He invited them to choose a member for this commission, and he himself nominated the town clerk, who was a first-rate person, and an accountant, who was also a first-rate person.

Before the commission could report, Mr. Chamberlain was dragged off to London on one of Mr. Lloyd George's sudden stunts, and had to break his ties with Birmingham. But it is not at all unlikely that he would have used all his powers and influence, if he had remained in office as Mayor, to give effect to the recommendations of the report, which set forth a bold scheme for the municipalisation of an important part of the trade.

Many Conservatives make a fatal mistake, he thinks, in scouting socialistic suggestions, instead of patiently and scientifically examining them. There is already much Socialism in action and there was more during the War, and the War might have been over sooner if that Socialism had been greater—so great, for example, as to make strikes impossible. In any case, it is quite certain that the future of legislation will see an increasing co-operation between the State and the individual, and the Conservative should gratefully welcome this humane movement and keep it in the healthful channel of self-reliance and self-help.

In what manner does he differ from the more moderate representatives of Labour? He sympathises with many of their ideas, and along a part of their road is ready to march with them; and yet few men in the Conservative ranks are more vigorous and implacable in their political attacks than this well-qualified apostle of social reform.

The reason is extremely interesting. Mr. Neville Chamberlain finds that these men, who appear to be so genial and friendly in the House of Commons, are so used to associating the Empire with Jingoism and Militarism that their first instinct is to reject any proposal which would appear to favour the Empire at the expense of the foreigner. They are not haters of the Empire, but they are devoid of imperial consciousness. They are such enthusiasts for international brotherhood that the imperial brotherhood seems to them a parochial matter. Little Johnny Head-In-Air never went to his doom more oblivious of the solid ground under his feet than these visionaries of millennium.

The McKenna duties were doing no harm to anybody. In the opinion of many able men and many practical people they were of very great advantage to the trade of the country. To leave them as they were would have inflicted not a farthing's worth of inconvenience on any single member of the British nation. To remove them will be quite certain to inflict considerable hardship on the trade of this country. But Mr. Snowden said they must go, and the Labour Party supported him.

If we put ourselves in the place of these men, we shall see how right they are to suspect the Empire, for it is a symbol of successful political power, and a political power built upon the ancient foundations of private enterprise.

Is it to be expected that the wild men of Socialism, who rave against the iniquities of capitalism, will lift a finger to prosper British trade, or hold their hands when they see an opportunity of doing it a bad turn?

Do they desire the prosperity of British trade, or its bankruptcy? Do they desire the unity of the British Empire, or its downfall? The more honest of them make no bones about the matter. They are out to smash the entire fabric of our British civilisation.

I am told that there are Socialists in this country who make it a practice to spit whenever the British Empire is mentioned, and whose intense loathing for the Union Jack can only be restrained from an obscene and blasphemous utterance by hastily pressing into their hands a Red Flag and calling upon them to give three cheers for Lenin and Trotzky. Such men may now be regarded by Mr. MacDonald as a great nuisance, but he will not deny, I think, that his own ultimate political opinions differ from theirs only in the manner of their expression. His motives, I am sure, are entirely different from theirs, but he does share with them a violent antipathy to patriotism and he is as deeply committed as they are to a form of internationalism which confesses that the British Empire is the greatest obstacle to the realisation of its dreams.

It is a strange situation. The British people are governed by a body of men whose ultimate and publicly avowed aim involves the total destruction of their

wealth, the total loss of their personal liberties, and the total surrender of their national independence. Therefore the British people are governed by a body of men who will do nothing to increase the prosperity of their trade, nothing to strengthen and consolidate their mighty estates across the sea, and nothing to give them even a just advantage over other nations. It is almost as if we had chosen an enemy to rule over us.

In this light Mr. Neville Chamberlain sees the present problem. He is in Parliament as a representative of all those heroic virtues which have made us a great people, and he is determined, so far as his health and opportunities permit, to wage continued war upon the anti-imperial representatives of international communism. With little of the address and cunning of the old Parliamentary hand, he nevertheless carries in his logical mind a profound knowledge of the art of government, and in his honest heart a deep passion for the British Empire, which render him one of the most forceful and fighting leaders of modern and democratic Conservatism.

Something is lacking in his personality. He does not inspire that grateful affection in the rank and file which is the mark of a powerful leader. Men admire and applaud him, but are not conscious towards him of any loyal enthusiasm. One of his best friends, who greatly admires his intellectual grasp of political

problems, said to me, "Neville is a man to die with, but not a man to die for."

All the same, certain good judges see in him a man who is destined to play a noble part in the great struggle which is fast approaching. Lord Grenfell, the venerable Field-Marshal, told me the other day that he never fails to make his way to the Peers' Gallery in the House of Commons when Neville Chamberlain is speaking. "I knew his father intimately," he said; "Neville has many of his qualities. A fine fellow—a very fine fellow."

THE
DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND

DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, 8TH DUKE

Alan Ian Percy

Born April 17, 1880; eldest surviving son of 7th Duke of Northumberland and Lady Edith Campbell, daughter of 8th Duke of Argyll.

Brev. Lieut. Col., formerly Captain Grenadier Guards. Served South Africa, 1901–2 (Queen's medal, 4 clasps); Soudan, 1908 (Egyptian medal and clasp); European War, 1914–16 (despatches).

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND

V

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND

Enthusiasm is grave, inward, self-controlled; mere excitement—outward, fantastic, hysterical, and passing in a moment from tears to laughter.—JOHN STERLING.

Madame de Staël says, that the English irritated Napoleon mainly because they have found out how to unite success with honesty.—EMERSON.

There is not less treasure in the world because we use paper currency; and there is not less passion than of old though it is bon ton to be tranquil.—DISRAELI.

IN the eyes of a good many people, "light half-believers of their casual creeds," the Duke of Northumberland figures as a fanatic pure and simple. It is a title not easily to be earned in these days; harder still to be maintained. One who is a genuine fanatic, more especially if born in the purple, deserves our notice and commands our curiosity.

With no moustache, and with a monk's cowl drawn forward over his head, the Duke would bear a remarkable likeness to Fra Bartolommeo's well-known profile

of Savonarola. There is great intensity in the brows which seem to be sharpened like a pencil, and in the precise, penetrating, small eyes. The forehead slides forward as if in haste to reach the point of the prominent nose, and from the point of the prominent nose the face slides backward to the neck, tucking itself in, as it were, to leave the beak-like nose full freedom for attack. It is the eagle-like face of an enthusiast; but the bright red hair is clipped close and smoothly groomed to the head, the narrow line of red moustache is trimness itself, the eyes smile very cheerfully, the slightly husky voice is friendly, and not without a tone of amusement, and there is a complete absence of gesture or unrest, or indeed of eagerness of any kind, in the carriage and manner of the body. One thinks of the Duke as an enthusiast, indeed; but as a fanatic tamed and socialised by the traditions of an ancient northern people. He sets one wondering how Savonarola would have fared if he had been to Eton and soldiered in the Grenadier Guards.

Much is to be learned, I think, from a study of the Duke's mind. Indeed, I know of few men in the Conservative Party who can teach the country in one respect a more useful lesson. Narrowness of mind is not always a defect. At least it excludes many wandering and foolish notions which may lead a man, priding himself on his breadth of mind, into the way of destruction. A right kind of narrowness means concentration,

driving power, economy of time and effort. It need not be pedantic and it certainly need not be crazy. A right kind of narrowness means an undistracted vision and a decisive judgment.

The Duke is called a fanatic because he thinks like a mathematician. That is to say, all his thinking is governed by certain definite postulates. In his mind there are a number of fixed principles, and his opinions have to answer to those principles before they become a part of his life and doctrine. He does not think in the air. He does not chase rainbows. He has never once in all his life taken a Sentimental Journey or gone wool-gathering on the eccentric hills of caprice. Life is for him neither a hectic adventure nor a chemist's laboratory. Enough is already known of its unbreakable and unaltering laws, he considers, to tell any sane man how he should live and what he should think. The more it changes the more it remains the same thing.

You may see how fixed principles govern his mind if you consider those of his political opinions which are usually cited, or were cited, to prove him a mere fanatic.

He has always opposed himself to Irish self-government. Even when a great body of Conservative opinion was inclined to repent of the party's antagonism to Mr. Gladstone's proposal, the Duke stood absolutely firm in his opposition to any substantial grant

of Home Rule. In this matter, and at that time, it certainly looked as if the Duke was opposing himself to wise and rational progress. He was called a Die-Hard, and earned the annoyed contempt of a great number of intellectual people in all parties.

But the Duke's opposition to Irish self-government was dictated by a fixed principle. He said that in all those things which are essential to good government, the Irish are an inferior race. He said that no evidence existed to prove that they could rule Ireland either well or wisely, and that there was sufficient evidence to convince any impartial mind that they would use Home Rule to attack England and disrupt the Empire.

At that period these views were unpopular. I confess that my own sympathies were with the South of Ireland, which I regarded as a sad but beautiful country filled with a most simple and charming people; while for the hard and industrial North I had little or no sympathy and a good deal of dislike.

But the history of Ireland since those days has surely justified the Duke, and discomfited those of us who regarded him as a fanatic. It is not the history of a civilised country. It is a history of a lawless people. It is a history which would shock even the inhabitants of the Balkans. Perhaps only Turkey could read that history without amazement and shame. And, so far as I can learn, worse is yet to come. Large

bodies of the people, who have broken away from the control of the priests, and who are committing sacrilege with a kind of fiendish pleasure, are now working hand and glove with Russia, and have no other passion in their minds than a blind lust for bloodshed and destruction.

It would seem that daily work, thrift, domestic happiness, and kindly intercourse with his neighbours, have no satisfaction for the modern Irishman. Conspiracy is in his blood. The excitements of intrigue, the adventures of secret societies, the dark passion that gives to the assassin a depraved joy, are to him a kind of political vodka. He is not so much a drunkard as a dipsomaniac. It looks as if he could not think of life except as an opportunity for working in the dark against all causes that love the light.

The Duke may be right or he may be wrong in thinking that, for Ireland's own sake, we shall soon have to go into that sorrowful country once again, and there re-establish the structure of civilised government; but even the most embittered of his critics will surely agree that the Irish situation grows worse and not better, that in the lifetime of no grown man is it likely that there will be peace and security in our sister isle.

In the region of our imperial responsibilities the Duke sees everywhere signs of a weakening grasp and myopic vision. To this sworn enemy of political

sentimentalism it seems that the present generation is attempting to do by compromise and surrender what our fathers did by strength and courage. He does not believe that Eastern people respect compromise and surrender; he does believe that they understand strength and courage. In his view we are in India, not only for the good of Hindus and Moslems, but for the good of the whole world. The Pax Britannica is a Pax Mundi. So long as we are not stricken by craven fears of being great, and so long as we never surrender the higher moral code of our race to the lower moral codes of inferior races, we shall be exercising an influence in the world against treachery, retrogression, and war; and we shall also be doing something to commend a higher moral standard in public affairs and a more uncompromising form of honesty in private affairs, to races who still regard nepotism as a religious virtue, and trickery, cunning, and chicane as personal accomplishments.

Now, take the case of Russia. The Duke has always held that it is beneath the dignity of a great civilised nation to attempt to enter into any contract of any kind with a people which has publicly denounced, and bloodily destroyed, the foundational things of mankind's moral security. He has also said that such an attempt is impractical. For these opinions, again, he has been most violently abused. The gentlemen who call themselves progressives and intellectuals dismiss

him, with the easy and impertinent contempt of their order, as a poor ignorant reactionary. But, as I write, it would look as if the Russian Conference is breaking down. At any rate, I can discover no note of triumph in Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's references to these painful and long drawn negotiations, while surely the answers of Mr. Arthur Ponsonby to questions in the House of Commons suggest that he is not as happy as his friends could wish.

Here again it is a matter of principle outliving easy sentiment. Principle tells a man that he ought not to shake hands with murder or enter into a friendly undertaking with robbery. It tells him that atheism is the most deadly disease that can attack the mind of man, and that he who would compromise with so destructive and contagious an affliction is not only a fool but a criminal. These things are not loose hypotheses buzzing occasionally, like bees, in the Duke's bonnet. They are facts, realities, absolutes. He would not admit into his house a scoundrel not to be trusted with the silver, or a homicidal maniac not to be trusted with the children. Nor would he enter into business relations with a man who refused to acknowledge those moral sanctions which are taken for granted by civilised men. It is not a matter of expediency, but a matter of principle. You may drink beer for fun, but not strychnine; you may play with fire, if you are careful, but not with T.N.T.

Then there is the case of Germany. The Duke went from Eton and Christchurch, Oxford, into the Grenadier Guards. He was not content to take for the motto of his life the famous line from *The Immortal Hour*, "How beautiful they are, the lordly ones," but gave himself up to a serious study of strategy. He went out to South Africa and to Egypt, and joined the staff of Earl Grey in Canada. It speaks volumes, I think, for the self-determination of his character that loving Albert Grey as he did he was able to resist enthusiasm for that most charming person's numerous ideals. Always he was observing and studying the hard facts of life. A turning-point came in his career when he met Sir Henry Wilson. A friendship grew up between the two men, a friendship founded on intellectual sympathy, and together they made a close and exhaustive study of the European situation.

The Duke became convinced that Germany meant war. He had the boldness to announce the fact in a series of articles. He associated himself with Lord Roberts. He hammered on every door that he could reach, both public and private, and never ceased from a vigorous effort to awaken the nation from its sleep. Again I confess that I was against him, believing that the better elements in Germany might save the situation. I read Mr. H. W. Massingham's articles with high approval. I believed that he knew more than most men on this matter, and I was content to take him for

THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND

my guide. Lord Haldane's attitude seemed to me the right one; prepare for War, say nothing to influence the militarists in Germany, cultivate the good opinion of the peace party.

But, looking back with all the long experience of German mentality since 1918 to guide us, must one not say that the Duke had good reason for warning us, and must one not think that he is perhaps more right than our sentimentalists at the present moment in telling us that the German has not repented, and will strike first at France and then at us on the first opportunity? Again he is guided by principle. The character of the average German fills him with mistrust. He sees in him none of those attributes which are taken for granted in a gentleman. Watch him; but do not treat him as an equal.

The Duke has many good reasons for feeling that he was right in this matter of the German menace; but the intelligentsia still call him a fanatic. Does Mr. Massingham, looking back over the last dozen years, feel that he was a safe guide for the nation? But no one calls Mr. Massingham a fanatic.

Let us now come to the question of our own politics. The Duke opposes himself to Labour because he believes present representatives of that Party are merely the advance guard of an army inspired by the hateful and bestial principles of Bolshevism. No one would say that Mr. MacDonald is a repulsive object,

like Trotzky, or that Mr. Clynes is a merciless and odious monster, like Lenin; but not many people say so boldly as the Duke that such men as these are the worst possible enemies of the State because they are, knowingly or unknowingly, the agents of a Bolshevist despotism.

He refuses to regard the Labour Party as a party of moderation. He refuses to regard them even as a party of honest men. His principles tell him that if a man loved his country he could not conceivably attach himself to the Second International—he could not conceivably think of making the interest of his country subordinate to the Communists of Hamburg. The Duke will not listen to any sentimental version of Labour's aims and policy; or, rather, he will listen, for he is the least arrogant or noisy of men, and listen with a smile, for he can appreciate the comedy of our rather down-at-heel idealism; but for every kind thing you may have to say of Labour's intention he will quote you a dozen of their official utterances showing that their ultimate object is the destruction of the present basis of society.

Once more: fixed principles effectually prevent him from looking upon the struggling forces of Labour with a kind and sentimentalising eye. These men are enemies of the social order. They hate the things that he loves. They would destroy the things which he regards as foundational to the greatness of England.

The more moderate and accommodating they would

make themselves appear, the greater is his contempt for them. They are dishonest. They dare not speak the thing which is in their hearts.

I spoke to him one day of letters I received from miners all over the country condemning him on account of the huge income he is supposed to enjoy from royalties on coal. I asked him how far that income was affected by taxation. His answer was characteristic of the man. "I receive," he told me, "half-a-crown in every pound of those royalties. The other seven half-crowns are taken by taxation. But I am not in the least ashamed of receiving mining royalties. I am as much entitled to those royalties as the trades unions are entitled to the interest they receive on their capital investments. They are as much my private property as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's Privy Councillor's uniform is his property. My ancestors bought the land I hold. One of them paid as much as £180,000 in old days for a strip of land by the Tyne. At that time it was a highly speculative investment. It was not known whether coal was there in workable quantities. His speculation was of great advantage to the industry, because he bought up the copyholders and small proprietors who had no interest in the minerals. In fact he took great risks in the public welfare as well as in his own. Why were he and his heirs not entitled to as much profit as any other fortunate shareholder? I admit the right of the State to tax me. I contest the

right of the State to tax me unfairly. And I entirely repudiate the right of the State to filch my land from me. If I may not keep my land, why should Mr. J. H. Thomas be allowed to keep his car, or Mr. Philip Snowden the watch in his pocket?"

His indictment of Liberalism is a severe one. "When the Radicals," he once said to me, "gave up academic Liberalism, because it did not pay, and began promising the workers all sorts of blessings, for the sake of votes, old-fashioned Liberalism was brought to bed and delivered of this dreadful, bastardly, and un-English offspring, Socialism. Liberals are to blame for everything. To form an alliance with such people would be fatal to Conservatism. There is one course open to them: publicly to renounce their opinions and to enter the Conservative Party as converted men."

His dislike of Mr. Lloyd George is purely a matter of principle. He acknowledges the man's charm, and can see even the humour of that astonishing career; but his contempt for his political life is vigorous and intense. He is not among those who feel gratitude for Mr. Lloyd George's part in the War. As a close friend of Sir William Robertson, and a member of his staff, the Duke has reason to think that Mr. Lloyd George was an entirely fatal influence in those days of crisis—crisis for which he had done nothing whatsoever to prepare.

When the Russian Revolution came, he tells me,

Robertson saw at once the inevitable effect. Russia would be out of the War; the Germans would concentrate many of their eastern troops on the western front. Robertson urged in the summer of 1917 the recall of all available British troops from eastern theatres, in order to be ready for a German onslaught in the spring of 1918. Lloyd George, at this time, was all for winning the War in any other theatre except that of the western front. He flatly refused Robertson's request, saying that we were "over-insured on the western front." He actually wanted to take five divisions from France and hurl them at some of our enemies in the East. In this matter at least Robertson beat him and saved the country. In the spring of 1918 the Germans made a tremendous concentration on the western front. They smashed through our lines, and were within an ace of reaching the Channel ports. But for those five British divisions in France nothing, humanly speaking, could have saved the world from a German victory. With the help of five British divisions from the eastern front our line would have held and the Germans might have surrendered in March.

In this, in everything, the Duke is guided by principle. He suspects a man who is for ever changing his opinions. He has no faith in the amateur reformer, no sympathy with any form of quack. His views are simple and strong. Foundational to all clear thinking is a moral character unshakeably convinced of the

eternal difference between right and wrong. Foundational to all wise politics is a moral character trained to know the difference between what is practical and wise, and what is impractical and disastrous. A nation that is governed by wise, practical, and honest men may survive the obvious perils which beset democracy; any nation governed by foolish, impractical, and dishonest men, sooner or later, is bound to perish.

One of my friends, who is still an ardent Liberal, tells me that the Duke is the worst enemy of the League of Nations in this country. He is inclined to agree with what I have said of the Duke's rightness in the matter of Ireland, Germany, and Russia, but he is fiercely convinced that the Duke is monstrously wrong in the matter of the League. My answer does not shake him. I tell him that the Duke does not love war and does not hate peace, but will not consent to put the destinies of this country into the hands of a committee, representative of many races, who certainly do not share our English view of moral character, and some of whom, obviously, have not yet reached our degree of civilisation. He replies to this that the Duke's assumption of moral superiority is offensive to other nations, and that nothing is so likely to revive the horror of War as a spirit which rejects the most sensible avenue to peace. I say that the Duke does not consider this League of Nations avenue to be a sensible road to peace. He replies emphatic-

ally, "It is; and the Duke is a reactionary of the worst possible kind." So end many similar discussions.

My own view is that it is not so much the opinions of the Duke which antagonise certain minds, such as that of my friend, as a certain hardness with which he expresses them, and which conveys the impression that he is lacking in human sympathy, as it were a Calvinist of politics.

But this impression is not a true one. The Duke is not a sentimentalist, but he is not an iceberg. He is a kindly enough man, free from all vanity and arrogance, who is fond of shooting, hunts a pack of hounds at Alnwick, loves to be with his children at Albury, is devoted to a very beautiful wife, although he cannot yet bring himself to share her enthusiasm for golf—and is as little in London as his business will allow. Only a few years over forty, devoted to hard work, fearless in confronting an opponent, and inspired in everything he does by an unquestionable earnestness, he may, in spite of a certain scepticism towards the capacity of social reform to make things better, render the country useful service in the next decade, which looks as though it may be one of no little trial.

His warm regard for Mr. Baldwin, who is a firm believer in social reform, strikes me as a pleasant note in his character; it is as if a part of his happy domesticity had crept into the severe region of his uncompromising politics.

SIR PHILIP LLOYD-GREAME

THE RT. HON. SIR PHILIP LLOYD-GREAME, K.B.E.

Born in Bridlington, 1884. Educ.: Winchester, University College, Oxford. Called to the Bar, 1908. Army service, 1914–17. Secretary of Ministry of National Service, 1917–18. Secretary of Board of Trade, 1920–21. Secretary of Overseas Trade Department, 1921–22. Chairman of Permanent Labour Committee of War Cabinet, 1918. Member of Select Committee on National Expenditure, and of Select Committee on prices and profits, 1919. President of the Board of Trade (in the Baldwin Administration), 1922–24. M.P. for the Hendon Division of Middlesex, 1918–. Clubs: Carlton, Oxford and Cambridge

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RT. HON. SIR PHILIP LLOYD GREAME

VI

SIR PHILIP LLOYD-GREAME

O Thou who of thy free grace didst build up this Brittannick Empire to a glorious and enviable height, with all her daughter islands about her, stay us in this felicitie.—JOHN MILTON.

Individuals may form communities, but it is institutions alone that can create a nation.—DISRAELI.

I am sure that without departing from the settled fiscal policy of this country of not imposing duties either on essential raw materials or essential foodstuffs, it is quite possible for you to give the Dominions such additional preference on a number of articles that there will be a tremendous development of Empire resources.—GENERAL SMUTS.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL was a power in the country before he had done anything to deserve the attention of the historian. He knew that if he would catch the eye of the nation he must stand sheer out from the ruck. But in those days, the picturesque days of politics, it was not difficult to become a public figure. A collar could decide a destiny and a buttonhole assure a career

I am inclined to think that if Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame had been functioning as a politician in the years immediately preceding his birth he would have sported a conspicuous waistcoat or cultivated a mysterious manner, and so, with the help of cartoonist and caricaturist, might have been something of a national figure in the late seventies. But he was only forty years of age the other day, and belongs, therefore, to a generation of men who would rather die unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown, than challenge the prevailing fashion in clothes or practice a manner which might distinguish them in any way from the blurred ranks of average mortality.

He is either much more modest than his predecessors or a great deal less imaginative. On the whole I am disposed to think that the nation loses by such behaviour in Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame, for I think it may easily be proved that he, who is at present so little known to democracy, could render the State infinitely more solid service, than let us say, Mr. Jack Jones of Silvertown, "a gentleman," to quote the words of Dizzy, "whom I will not call distinguished, for that would be prostituting an epithet—and whom I will not call notorious, for that might be offensive—and whom I therefore describe as well known."

Philip Lloyd-Greame is unquestionably one of the ablest men now in Parliament, and one of the most eager and energetic. He has the economic facts of the

British Empire at his fingers' ends, and his brain is a series of pigeon-holes stuffed with the documents of world trade. Like all true experts he is an enthusiast. His mind seems to rejoice in the smoothness and precision with which it works, in the unerring deductions it makes from the facts it has so thoroughly accumulated, and in the lucidity of the language with which he can state an unanswerable argument or conclude an appeal to the intelligence of reasonable men. He is one of the few ex-ministers, by the way, who can use a pen with some degree of distinction.

But he comes of an ancient Yorkshire family, a county which is perhaps more set against the eccentricities of swagger than most other divisions of England, and he went to Winchester, where modesty and simplicity are a part of religion, and on to Oxford, where a Yorkshire gentleman and a Winchester scholar may just manage to escape the contagion of the Oxford manner. His family had decided that he should go into the diplomatic service, but at Oxford he contracted such a passion for the cockpit of politics that he found himself unable to contemplate with any ease of mind a career spent on its decorous fringes.

He therefore decided to train his mind for politics by going to the Bar, but only for a time, and while at the Bar, anxious to make himself the master of one particular subject of litigation, he went to a Yorkshire coalfield and for some months descended the pits and

studied the collier at close quarters. The War interrupted this peaceful but energetic career. He went out to France, rose to be a major, won the Military Cross, and was invalided home. By a lucky chance the national service assigned to him in Whitehall brought him under the notice of Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Auckland Geddes. He rose quickly to an administrative eminence, a seat was found for him at Hendon, he became successively Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, Secretary to the Department of Overseas Trade, and then President of the Board of Trade. In 1923 he set the stamp of his personality on the great Imperial Economic Conference, which in days to come may seem to the judicious historian a turning-point in British destiny.

There is something in the appearance of this industrious man which helps one to understand the workings of his mind. He is tall and powerful, but with a slight stoop of head and shoulders. He is boyish-looking, but prematurely bald over the forehead. His clean-cut and well-bronzed face is chiefly noticeable from the structural point of view for a jowl which a prize-fighter would regard as a stroke of genius; but the blue eyes are so kindly, and the mouth is so bent on smiles, that the strong jaw seems to be thrown away upon him. In brief, here is the face of a man who might remove mountains, but for an occasional whimsicality which sets him laughing at ant-heaps. He is an Edward

Carson with a sense of humour, or a Birrell with a stern ambition. Whether we are to say that the strong jaw underpins a top-story otherwise too shaky for the accommodation of great purposes, or that a friendly and playful mind has effectually prevented the strong jaw from carrying him into the excesses of fanaticism, depends upon our view of life and the best way of getting things done. A sense of humour would have destroyed St. Paul; but it might have saved Charles the First.

I think my personal regard for Lloyd-Greame does not mislead my judgment far afield from the truth of his personality when I say that he is a great man in the making, and that all the elements of greatness in his mind are somewhat hampered by that same modesty of character and sweetness of feeling which hinder his friend Edward Wood from making a firm mark on the history of the present time. I regard him as a man of the very highest promise, and one who may yet do as much for the prosperity of the British Empire as any man now living; but although he is a young man with thirty years of work ahead of him, I am sometimes disposed to doubt whether his very thesis of Conservatism is not bound to hold him back from playing the conspicuous part he ought to play in the destinies of our generation.

That thesis is well worth the attention of the public. Sir Philip once said to me that he differentiated the atti-

tude of the Socialist from that of the Conservative in this fashion. The Socialist tries to find a common syndical unit in all the factories of a given trade, the Unionist sees that there is a closer and broader union in the different trades in a particular place. There is a more natural bond, and a more useful bond, between, let us say, the butcher, the baker, the schoolmaster, and the parson of one town than between all the butchers scattered through England.

"I do not particularly like the term Conservative," he said to me; "I much prefer the term Unionist. Unionism seems to me an admirable word for expressing the faith and the ideals of those Conservatives who believe in growth and development. It has also an evolutionary content. Civilisation has surely proceeded so far on Unionist principles. People have combined and worked together in the past for the sake of a trade, an art, a religion, and a community. They have proceeded from a tribal unity, or a guild unity, or a civic unity, to the larger unity of country and race. Is it not, therefore, a reasonable anticipation of history to suppose that the British people, who have always had this sense of unity in their blood, should go on to make an absolute unity of the Empire, through which, and perhaps preceded by a unity of all English-speaking people, mankind may come into the possession of a warless world unity?"

Now, it is important to know that Sir Philip's idea of

Unionism is based upon the subordination of all selfish instincts in the individual. To him the British Empire is so conspicuously a magnificent creation of British character that he cannot conceive of any pigmy individual having the impudence to regard it as an opportunity for showing off his own talent or filling his own purse.

Loyalty, he seems to think, is surely the beginning of education. We set out with loyalty to our family: we must do nothing to disgrace it. We go on to acquire school loyalty, and learn that lesson in the playing field as well as in the classroom and the dormitory. We go on again to acquire loyalty to our university, and associate ourselves with all its past history and all its efforts to hold its place in the world as a centre of learning and a nursery of clean games and manly sports. In all this there is a call to unselfishness. We are not to think of ourselves. We are not to shove and jostle for a first place. Our bounden duty is to play for the side. Our one justification for tremendous effort is the spirit of team work. And so, as he sees it, the Unionist Party calls for men who are willing to subordinate selfish ambition, and to tread under their feet any base inclination towards self-aggrandisement, and who will band themselves together as a team, gladly and with all their hearts, to achieve a purpose quite transcending any conceivable personal ambition—namely, the unity of the British Empire.

In conversation he is apt to walk up and down his room, his head bent forward, his steps quick and decisive, his gestures few but restless, the voice rising and becoming slightly nasal when he desires to emphasise a particular word. It is easy to see that here is a man absorbed in hard work, and work of such a character that he could no more lay it aside for a selfish ambition than he could stoop to entertain the suggestion of conspirators. He is pre-eminently the best kind of public-school boy turned politician, and the best kind of politician turned idealist. Truly I do not think that he ever sits back in his chair to consider his own career, or throws aside his papers, which are as well-ordered as they are numerous, to calculate his next office. When he has finished his work his natural impulse is to take his gun or his golf-clubs and get into the open air.

Happy in his domestic circumstances, distracted by no temptations, demoralised by no weakness of character, he gives himself, with all the clean and cheerful heart of a boy, to the thing that he loves and to the star that he follows—the greatness, the glory, and the beauty of the British Empire.

He is a Unionist because the Unionist Party in his eyes is the only political body in the state animated by a fully-awakened imperial consciousness. For this reason he is a party man. He believes that in fighting for Unionism he is fighting for England, and he fights

with the joy and satisfaction of a man who feels in every vein of his body that he is on the right side and the winning side, the side that is least disgraced by personal ambitions, least dismembered by personal intrigues, least haunted by doubts that the cause is not the cause of England and Empire—and this, not necessarily because it is made up of better or nobler men, but because its purpose is so commandingly the purpose of right reason and the Will of God.

His theory of politics may be expressed in the phrase "social reform linked up with a sound economic policy." First the sound economic policy, and then as much social reform as the revenues of the policy can supply. Therefore he lays his first emphasis on Imperial development, and this he would seek in co-operation with the Dominions and the Colonies by every practical means: Preference; Credit; Communications; Settlement. He was accused by one of the Dominion Prime Ministers of coining the term "mutuality" to describe the economic relations which should exist within the Empire; he replied that if a word did not exist which accurately described this conception, it was certainly high time that one did.

"Does the nation," he asks, "realise the situation? Since the last census our population has increased by one million and three-quarters. Our overseas trade was last year less than three-quarters of its pre-war volume. All around us are nations who enormously

increased during the War their manufacturing efficiency, and who are less willing to take our manufactures, and more able to compete with them in the markets of the world. The world is poorer: the competition is keener. A million and more of our people are out of work. That is the situation. Those are the facts. And the Labour Government goes out of its way to flout the British Dominions, who can help us so powerfully to recover and to extend our pre-War prosperity!"

He bids the Socialists and the Liberals to study the history of the United States during the last three generations, and, comparing the resources of that great federation with our own, to ask themselves whether it is possible to doubt that the British Empire can achieve a prosperity as great and a strength as formidable.

"One of the most hopeless features of our democracy since the War," he declares, "is that the more onerous our burdens become the more fiercely does it foregather round the parish pump."

When people complain to him of the cost of living, he replies, "I do not wonder that you feel hopeless, for you are conceiving of your country as an island province and not as a self-supporting Empire. Lift up your eyes unto the hills whence cometh your salvation."

He comes back again and again to his master idea of Unity. "Why can't our people see that their strength lies in three central unities: the union of classes, the

union of town and country, the union of Empire? There is also a threefold community of interest: family life, local life, national life. These ideas are the creation of natural instincts, fortified by the wise experience of our progress in civilisation. Surely democracy can be made to see that here is the natural path of evolution."

He lays as great an emphasis as Disraeli did on the infinite value of Parliamentary Government. "Communists are ceaselessly propagating the idea that all our institutions are the artful contrivances of capitalism to keep the people in subjection. It is a real part of Unionist loyalty to explain to democracy the value of its institutions. They were fought for and won by men who have loved liberty and hated despotism. Many of our greatest ancestors gave their lives in that immortal struggle for the constitutional liberties of England. Did they fight for a fudge? Did they die for a sham? All our Dominions have welcomed the grant of Parliamentary Government. Are they fools? Every democratic nation has copied us. Are they deluded? The whole intellectual world has paid tribute to England's genius in creating these great constitutional forms. Is it mistaken?"

Then he swings round to the revolutionary alternative. Class hatred: the clash of sectional interests: the tyranny of a determined minority: the suppression of free speech: the extermination of all personal liberties:

the disruption of the Empire: chaos—economic and moral.

"Who can doubt," he asks, "if the case is well put, on which side Englishmen will elect to stand?"

Nothing can shake his faith, and in this matter he speaks as an expert, that the physical and moral resources of the Empire are inexhaustible. If we choose, but only if we choose, we can multiply our wealth and our power a hundredfold. The matter rests entirely with us. The Dominions are willing to do their part. They are ready to make sacrifices in order to attain this great end of Imperial unity; they will take our people, if we will take their products in preference to the products of alien peoples; and if they take our people, who cannot here find work, those people, growing in strength and prosperity, will develop the inexhaustible riches of the British Empire and solve every economic problem that now threatens England with poverty and weakness.

Will our people adopt this Imperial outlook, or will they see the world with the eyes of a provincial? Will they say, "The Empire my country, England my home," or will they say "To hell with the Empire" and go on butting their heads against the hard wall of economic law?

Sir Philip is not so absorbed in this Imperial ideal as to keep his back turned on social reform. Long ago, in the years before the War, he had worked out, in

company with other keen Unionists, an excellent scheme for the reform of the agricultural labourer's social conditions. He is an advocate for a wise extension of our pensions system. He is convinced, too, that housing reform is a most urgent duty of the Conservative Party, and that much may be done to improve the physical conditions and the mental outlook of the urban worker by extending the principles of co-partnership. He insists, too, that the worker in a factory might become much more interested in its fortunes if the managers took him more into their confidence. A man must have joy in his work. The craftsman of an earlier age fashioned a complete thing under his hand. To-day, inevitably, a man works as a cog in a great machine. How much greater the need, then, to arouse his interest in the whole field, in a small corner of which he works. As an example, the managers of a factory might do something to stimulate the interest of their workers merely by introducing cinematographic pictures of the Dominions and the foreign countries to which their manufactures are consigned. Nothing should be neglected to awaken the interest and stimulate the intelligence of factory workers. In all this he is moved by the human sympathy which is never an affectation in a countryman, and by a certain quality of imagination which distinguishes all forward-looking men. He does not despair of the idea that industry may be humanised.

But his value to the country lies mainly in his great and sure grasp of economic facts, in his profound knowledge of the world's industrial situation. Let me, then, conclude with a summary of his views on this matter, which, of all others, presses most hardly now on the attention of serious men. These views he has expressed with excellent clearness in an address given to the Royal Colonial Institute in 1922, an address, I should have thought, which Unionist headquarters might well use as one of the chief of its pamphlets.

The foundations of Modern England were laid during the struggle with Napoleon. From the year 1800 to the year 1825, England carried a tremendous burden of taxation and passed from the state of exporting corn to importing it. All the same in 1820 only 4 per cent. of our population depended on breadstuffs from overseas.

From 1825 until 1850 England forged ahead of other nations on the road of industrialism, which she had been the first to take. At the end of this period she produced 60 per cent. of the world's output of pig-iron. Her exports nearly doubled. The holding of the Great Exhibition in 1851 was an advertisement of insular success.

From 1850 till 1875 the world was England's oyster. Her production of coal rose from fifty-six million tons to one hundred and thirty-two million tons. The introduction of the Bessemer process gave her a new industry

in the large-scale production of steel. The rapid accumulation of capital led to foreign investments, chiefly in the United States and the Dominions, which facilitated the importation of England's necessities, and enormously increased the capital wealth of the island. Exports increased from ninety-seven million pounds in 1854 to two hundred and twenty-three million pounds in 1875.

From 1875 to 1900 a radical change occurred in the national fortunes. France had been England's only serious competitor in world trade. Now there came first Germany and then the United States. From 1880 to 1900 Great Britain definitely lost her leadership in several basic industries. "The increasing severity of this competition," a Royal Commission reported, "both in our home and in neutral markets, is especially noticeable in the case of Germany. In every quarter of the world, the perseverance and enterprise of the Germans are making themselves felt. In the actual production of commodities we have now few, if any, advantages over them, and in a knowledge of the markets of the world, a desire to accommodate themselves to local tastes and idiosyncrasies, a determination to obtain a footing wherever they can and a tenacity in maintaining it, they appear to be gaining ground on us." Our population increased by 8,000,000. The export of articles wholly or mainly manufactured in these islands increased from £136.2 millions in 1870 to only £138.6

millions in 1900. During this difficult period it was only the custom of our Dominions which saved us from ruin.

From 1900 to 1913 there was a marvellous recovery in British trade. Canada's consumption of our goods more than doubled; New Zealand's increased by 97 per cent.; South Africa's by 70 per cent.; Australia's by 60 per cent. At the same time our exports to India and Ceylon rose to 130 per cent. Moreover a general prosperity throughout the whole world enabled the British manufacturers to work with confidence and security.

Since the war there has been a grave economic disturbance throughout the world, accompanied by higher tariff walls, the complexities of depreciated currencies, and considerable unrest among the wage-earning classes. To regain what we have lost, to press forward to greater fortune still, it is essential that we should develop the resources of our own Empire, and throw the whole weight of our influence into the scale of world peace.

Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame is in essence neither a Protectionist nor a Free Trader. He regards fiscal policy as a matter of practical expediency to be adapted to the varying circumstances of different industries at different times. To protect an inefficient industry is a form of ca' canny, and utterly indefensible at any time. The industry that is inefficient, demands not a bolster under its head but a pillow over its face. But there is

no man in the country who feels more earnestly than he does that unless we set ourselves with genuine enthusiasm and absolute faith to develop the vast resources of the Empire, we cannot hope to weather the industrial storm and stress of the next twenty years.

Politics is not a game to this man, but a passion; and the passion is engendered by a religion which inspires every moment of his industrious days—the religion of the destiny of the British Empire. To make our island democracy understand the difference between insular Protection and Imperial Development, to get the British Press to hammer the facts of the economic situation into the public consciousness, and to persuade every Conservative in the country that the supreme appeal he must make to the people is the Imperial appeal—this, I think, is the one driving political ambition in the mind of Lloyd-Greame.

SIR DOUGLAS HOGG

THE RT. HON. SIR DOUGLAS McGAREL HOGG

Born 1872. Educ.: Eton. Sugar Planter in West Indies and British Guiana in the firm of Hogg, Curtis, Campbell & Co. Served in South African War with Yeomanry (medal). Called to the Bar in 1922. Vice President of the Polytechnic, founded by his father, the late Quintin Hogg. Captain of the County of London Volunteer Regiment, 1914–19. Director of the Legal Insurance Company, 1920–22. Director General, 1922–. M.P. for Marylebone, 1922–. Clubs: Athenæum, Carlton.

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RT. HON. SIR DOUGLAS McGAREL HOGG, P.C.

VII

SIR DOUGLAS HOGG

The great charm, however, of English scenery is the moral feeling that seems to pervade it. It is associated in the mind with ideas of order; of quiet, of sober, well-established principles, of hoary usage and reverend custom. Everything seems to be the growth of ages of regular and peaceful existence.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

The wealth of England is not merely material wealth—it does not merely consist in the number of acres we have tilled and cultivated, nor in our havens filled with shipping, nor in our unrivalled factories, nor in the intrepid industry of our mines. Not these merely form the principal wealth of our country; we have a more precious treasure, and that is the character of the people.—DISRAELI.

IF Sir Douglas Hogg had possessed twenty years ago Mr. Winston Churchill's appetite for public life, he would now be a Gargantuan figure. He has all the qualities of a great fighting politician. Many men less gifted in this respect are now either the cynosure of every political eye or the cockshy of every political missile. Sir Douglas Hogg, however, is assailed by

no enemies, huzzaed by no followers, and the mob of all classes is almost unaware of his existence.

Nothing could be so likely to take away his breath as either to hear his name in a pantomine or to see his face in a cartoon. It would be as if Mr. George Moore heard himself quoted in St. Paul's Cathedral by Dr. Inge, or Mr. Bernard Shaw found one day no mention of his opinions in the daily paper.

It is a rather curious political case. I think it would be true to say that his intellect has a punch in it, but not his personality. It is the first of Carpentier, but the soul of Joe Beckett. One feels that if his intellectual equipment had been at the disposal of any ambitious politician it could not have failed to make its mark, and perhaps a permanent mark, on contemporary politics. What makes the matter even more curious is the fact that Sir Douglas Hogg cares very deeply about a number of things which he regards as essential to the greatness of his country, which things he also regards as standing in no little peril at the present time. Perhaps he has left the matter too long. He entered Parliament when the creative instinct was inclined toward ca' canny, and the fighting instinct was too tempered by geniality to care about black eyes and battered noses. Moreover, he has scarcely an equal at the Bar, and is devoted heart and soul to his profession.

He is the son of Quintin Hogg, whose name will always be associated with an ugly building, a comic

word, and a most splendid philanthropic undertaking. At the outset of that romantic career at the Polytechnic in Regent Street, Mr. Quintin Hogg, who was an aristocrat, cherished the impassioned faith of Victorian Radicalism. He denied his own prejudices, swept his natural traditions aside, plunged into the slums of modern industrialism, rescued, cared for, encouraged, and saved in the name and power of Christ, hundreds of poor boys, and at his own dinner-table proclaimed a political faith which, mild as it was, would have frightened two-thirds of his subscribers out of their wits.

If the father had been a Tory, Douglas might have begun life as a follower of Gladstone. He tells me that in those days he was always wanting to fight the other side, and that his critical faculties were never so incensed as when he encountered enthusiasm. His father's enthusiasm for Mr. Gladstone carried the inference that Disraeli was a miserable charlatan and Salisbury a mere lath painted to look like iron. This was a deal too much for a young Etonian who dearly loved an argument and was youthfully averse from anything in the nature of exaggeration. He studied the works of Disraeli, he bestowed some attention on current politics, and he announced that he was a Conservative.

In those days he had every reason to style himself a Tory democrat, for his holidays were largely spent in the closest and most familiar intimacy with some of

the hardest nuts from London slums. The Polytechnic dealt at that time in roughs, and the London roughs at that time, most of them crop-headed, slit-eyed and flat-nosed, were of a very different moral texture from the pale-faced and loose-lipped young men of the present slums, whose long hair flops over the back of the head and gives them the decadent appearance of convalescing æsthetes. Douglas Hogg played football with these formidable roughs, and met them intellectually in the Debating Society of the Polytechnic. The Debating Society had its Government and its Opposition, and in this Polytechnic Parliament young Hogg was for some time Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies. His friendship with many of the roughs was close and in some cases intimate. He has a gladness of nature and a sincerity of mind which are attractive.

He was at the Bar, making his way to success like a tug with its syren in full blast, when his father came under the influence of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and straightaway the founder of the Polytechnic began to see the British Empire with the oriental imagination of Dizzy, no longer with the commercial eyes of Bright and Cobden. Young Hogg did not crow over his father; he too fell under the personal spell of Chamberlain, who was the most charming of men in private life. Father and son were soon devoted to this quiet and affectionate statesman, under whose courteous and

subdued manner burned the fire of really great political enthusiasm.

From that moment entirely devoted to Mr. Chamberlain, father and son sought to make the Polytechnic useful to the great moral ends of Empire. To both of them it seemed that this vast confederation of free peoples, all speaking the same language, all cherishing the same moral ideas, all acknowledging one sovereign law, and all conscious of a kinship sublimely indifferent to the geographical distances which divide them, could not have come into existence for any trumpery purpose, whether industrial or political, and could not be meant to perish before it had served some high purpose in the evolution of mankind.

The father may have put this sentiment into more evangelical language, but at the back of the son's mind was also a religious impulse, however guardedly he might have expressed his imperial sentiments. They were both of them men who believed in God, believed, too, in an over-ruling providence of the universe, and believed strongly in the moral responsibility of each individual soul.

When the war came in South Africa, Douglas Hogg threw aside wig and gown, and volunteered for foreign service. He was rejected. Someone told him that the medical authorities in Scotland were less exigent, and off he went to Edinburgh. By good fortune he encountered a kindly old sergeant who beamed on him,

understood him, and passed him fit for active service. He entered the Scottish Horse, and sailed for South Africa.

Whatever he may think of War as a moral question, he thoroughly enjoyed fighting on the veldt, and of those fierce years in his life he has now only two complaints to make—the difficulty of getting a bath, and the unpleasantly dirty conditions of campaigning.

He suggests in his appearance that he would like fighting and dislike dirt. There is something military in his carriage and something pugilistic in his precise and vigorous face. He is also one of those men on whose clear and fine skin soap and water seem to produce a sheen or a glow, such as the manufacturers of a boot polish assure the world is a pedal consequence of using their particular cream. He stands very upright and square-shouldered, with a rather commanding tilt to his head, and a look in his eyes, when he is opposed, which is quick with challenge. He can be the kindest and friendliest of men, as he is certainly one of the most modest; but provoke him to a fight and he will hit you, if the matter involves a great principle, as hard as any man at the Bar or in the House of Commons.

He was Attorney-General before he was a member of Parliament. A seat had to be found for him after he had accepted office. He entered Parliament only in 1922. In spite of possessing no previous experience

of the House of Commons, he at once established a reputation as a powerful leader and a keen debater. It is doubtful, indeed, whether there is any man now in the Conservative Party who can address the House with more power or with greater effect. Two years ago no one had thought of him as a politician.

The opportunities for his intervention are just now few and far between. He seems to take, I think, too modest a view of his place in the House. Great questions arise on which he feels deeply, and on which, no doubt, he could speak with weight and sometimes with fire; but so many other members of Parliament desire to speak, and the law is regarded as his particular province, and besides—is he not one of the new members? He has gone back to the Bar, and enormously added to his income. It will be a pity if he is not encouraged to take a far more leading part in Conservative politics.

If he had the genius for public life which so distinguishes Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George, he would of course make his opportunities in the House of Commons, and fill his engagement-book with "political fixtures" up and down the country. He would nag at ministers on every possible occasion, interrupt whenever the chance occurred to score a point, cultivate, perhaps, the acquaintance of newspaper proprietors, and certainly form a little group of disciples in the House who would regard him as their leader.

I do not think he is altogether to be admired for doing none of these things. One might almost say that it is now the first duty of any man capable of serving his country to cultivate the rough and uncongenial art of self-advertisement. Democracy will not look up from its pleasures or its sorrows unless a bugle is blown in its ear. How the country is to learn that Sir Douglas Hogg might render it valuable service unless his name is repeated as often as the Derby favourite and his personal tastes as constantly advertised as the face-creams and lip-pastes of the latest film-queen, I really do not know. If Colman's mustard has still to be pushed down the public throat as a suitable accompaniment to roast beef, I do not see how modest and retiring men can hope to acquaint democracy with their virtues by an occasional speech in the House of Commons.

Perhaps the Conservative organisation is not so good in seeking for talent as the Labour organisation. I do not know, for I judge these things from the outside; but clearly if any commercial undertaking in the country had a man like Sir Douglas Hogg on its staff it would not be satisfied by asking him to dictate a letter once a month or to cast his eyes over the petty cash account when he had nothing better to do. The genius of the great industrialist lies in finding first-rate men, and making the best possible use of them.

Sir Douglas Hogg holds the faith that Conservatism is the kindliest and most humane form of politics. He says that the Liberal believes, like the Tory, in the value of individualism, but that his individualism is unconditional. The Liberal sees with a certain amount of compassion the weak going to the wall, and with a stir of sorrowful emotion he may observe the devil taking the hindmost; but so long as the statistics of the Board of Trade are satisfactory, and so long as he can compose without absurdity a peroration on the general progress of the human race, he is not greatly concerned by these individual casualties of the evolutionary battlefield.

On the other hand, the Conservative lays it down that just as there is no absolute freedom, and that just as every man's freedom is conditioned by its effect on the freedom of other men, so there is no absolute individualism. His individualism is strong and challenging, but it is conditional. He says that no success in foreign markets can justify inhumanity in our workshops. He keeps his eye on the manufacturer. He claims the right to interfere in the management and conditions of the factory. He has a certain sympathy with the bottom-dog, and is always ready to lend a hand to the hindmost before the devil takes them.

Liberalism, as he sees it, is the philosophy of Nietzsche and the gospel of Bernhardi applied to the trade and commerce of a nation. He hates it deeply.

As for Labour, he hates it with the real disgust of a nature to which all slavery is abhorrent. He cannot understand how any Englishman is able to contemplate the mere hypothesis of a servile State. Personal liberty, he says, is clearly incompatible with Socialism; the one condition which renders the socialistic theory workable is the condition of mass slavery; every man must be the unquestioning and soulless servant of a tyrannical government. Against such an idea he rigorously sets his face. Economically absurd, Socialism is morally destructive.

He said to me once: "Rule out Divine Love and individual moral responsibility, and Liberalism is justified. Rule out the whole history of the human race and the most insistent fact of man's consciousness, and Labour is justified." He told me that he does not see how man is to justify his place in the universe, and so fulfil the ultimate purpose of the Creator, unless he acknowledges the great sanctions of religion, marries his personal liberty to sure unselfishness, and develops his faculties with a high sense of his responsibility both to God and man.

He deplores with the whole force of his moral nature that dreadful speech of an ex-Lord Chancellor of England which seemed to glorify selfishness and to assert in the face of all civilisation and religion that no nation is unselfish. What could be the effect of such a statement in the United States of America? Are not the

idealists in both countries striving to destroy that very delusion and to create a partnership between the two great English-speaking nations on the common ground of their moral idealism? What hope is there for the peace of the world and for the higher life of the human race if men of high authority proclaim the exploded philosophical fallacies of the eighteenth century as a new-found working faith for the future of mankind?

There is another matter, a more serious one, which causes Sir Douglas Hogg grave anxiety. He does not see what power in the country can withstand the domination of a commercialised Press. If newspapers with a great circulation, chiefly among people who have never been trained to think and whose opinions are for ever at the sport of mere suggestion, repeat day after day something which they want that public to believe, repeat it in a dozen forms and ever with some new and striking attraction, he does not see how democracy will be able to save itself from such perilous suggestion.

A newspaper proprietor has only to give orders for his journalists to announce and to go on announcing that the Government, whatever party it may represent, is stupid and inept, for that Government, sooner or later, to fall. The newspaper proprietor may be right, and he may be moved by the highest patriotism; but he may also be wrong, and he may also be actuated either by the basest of motives or by the mere pique of hurt

vanity. How does the country propose to guard itself against this domination at the hands of two or three men who have turned to journalism, not as a man turns to schoolmastering or to preaching, but for the sake of money or for their own personal aggrandisement?

What is the effect of the worst of these newspapers on English character? Do they steady the national judgment? Do they stimulate the reason, or incite the passions? Do they enlighten the mind, or vulgarise the heart? We see the screaming headlines in the public streets and dismiss them without a thought, merely with a feeling of disgust or contempt; but what work are they doing in the minds and characters of the multitude—good work or bad work? Every newspaper is either helping or hindering civilisation. We make a mistake in dismissing them as things of no account. They count enormously. Day after day they are at work on the mind and in the character of the vast masses of this country, and no other influence is to be compared with theirs in the matter of shaping the moral destinies of our nation.

It seems to me that Sir Douglas Hogg sees as clearly as any man what is wrong with us, but knows as little as the rest of us how to put things right. For example, I doubt if any man in politics more frequently feels the cruel conditions of our industrial slums; at any rate, he and Mr. Neville Chamberlain have spent many days and nights attempting to work out a practical

scheme for their abolition; but he will tell you that every notion which he has turned over in his brain to make it safe and sound was defeated by the mere difficulty of not knowing where to place the people whose homes are to be swept away in the process. The practical difficulties of reform oppress him, and sometimes make him sceptical about the power of politics.

He was amused by the righteous indignation of the Labour Party in opposition; he is rather grimly satisfied by its pathetic incompetence in power.

All great questions which press upon Governments for solution, and some of which must certainly be solved before long if civilisation is not to weaken and perhaps perish, require, in his judgment, not so much a creative genius in Parliament as a new temper in the people. This temper must be much more conscious of moral responsibility than the temper of the present time. It must be moved by a deep tide of human sympathy. It must be governed by faith in Divine Love. A nation which is sunk in materialism, cannot be rescued by the wand of a political wizard.

Perhaps this is why Sir Douglas Hogg is devoted to Mr. Baldwin. He is convinced, however many tactical mistakes his leader may make, that no man in Parliament is more powerfully moved by moral considerations, or more earnestly determined to lift up the soul of the nation, than the Worcestershire squire who

has said that faith and love are essential to the salvation of England.

I remember Sir Douglas describing to me many months ago the effect made upon him by Mr. Baldwin's speeches in the House of Commons. "He sometimes makes me hold my breath. He speaks in his great moments like a man who is struggling to keep back his feelings, and you can almost see the spiritual effort with which his big thoughts are dragged up from the depths of his soul in a kind of agony."

CAPTAIN ALGERNON FITZROY

CAPTAIN HON. EDWARD ALGERNON FITZROY, J.P., D.L.

Born 1869. Educ.: Eton, Sandhurst. Late Lt. 1st Life Guards. Captain of the Reserve Regiment, 1st Life Guards. Wounded first battle of Ypres. M.P. for South Northamptonshire, 1906 and 1910–. Deputy Chairman of Committee H. C., 1922–24. Club: Carlton.

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CAPT. THE RT. HON. E. A. FITZROY, M.P.

VIII

CAPTAIN ALGERNON FITZROY

I find the Englishman to be him of all men who stands firmest in his shoes.—EMERSON.

The proper leaders of the people are the gentlemen of England. If they are not the leaders of the people, I do not see why they should be gentlemen. Yes—it is because the gentlemen of England have been negligent of their duties, and unmindful of their situation, that the system of professional agitation, so ruinous to the best interests of the country, has arisen in England.—DISRAELI.

FEW men in the present House of Commons less resemble a professional agitator than Captain FitzRoy. If his friend and neighbour, the late Bobby Spencer, of Althorp, could convulse a Victorian Parliament by explaining that he was not an agricultural labourer, Captain FitzRoy, I think, could set the Georgian Labour benches on the roar by disclaiming any pretensions to the virtues of a tub-thumper.

A man standing firmer in his shoes it would be hard to find. Six feet three inches in height, holding himself with a marked stiffness, and seldom wearing on

his face any other expression than that of an unsmiling attention to the business in hand, the Deputy-Chairman of Ways and Means in the late Unionist Government does not readily suggest that a battering ram would disturb his balance, or that he would turn his head for an explosion of dynamite immediately behind him. There is about him something immovable and enduring. I am quite certain that he has never been flustered. I am almost sure that his temper, even at its hottest, never rippled his self-control. If, as Mr. Baldwin says, the Englishman is the man for an emergency, here in a supreme degree stands the authentic Englishman.

He is the second son of the late Lord Southampton, and while at Eton became a page to Queen Victoria, who was devoted to his mother. He entered the First Life Guards, and was a striking figure in that famous regiment of tall men till his own personal tastes and marriage with a delightful woman took him into the country. But there was bred in him such a strong sense of public duty, that even the pleasures of sport, the daily interest of his pedigree cattle, and the satisfaction of a most happy and refined family life, could not hold him from the field of national and imperial politics. He stood for Parliament in the division where he lives, won a difficult election, and has never since been beaten. Six victories for Conservatism stand to his credit; and on the only occasion when he did not stand, 1906, the seat went to the Liberals.

In the House of Commons he is respected by men of all parties, including Labour men. Too reserved for popularity, and too unemotional to create affection, he is known to the House as a man whose mind is just, whose character is strong, whose life is pure, and whose services are given to his country with no thought whatever of personal reward.

After the debate in which Labour refused to have Captain FitzRoy as the Deputy-Chairman, a body of Labour members sent him a message explaining that no man in their party was moved in this matter by personal feelings against him, but purely by principle. Even in that stormiest of debates under the last Government, when Labour saw red, and the whole House was like a bear-garden, Labour never quarrelled with Captain FitzRoy for the sternness with which he quelled the disorder.

So little does he speak about himself that even some of his friends in the House of Commons are quite unaware of certain qualities in his mind which make him the pleasantest of men in his home life. He is a lover of good music, and has played the piano from boyhood, cultivating in particular the music of Beethoven and Chopin. He has been all his life a judicious collector of old furniture, and there is scarcely a thing in his house, from the silver on the table to the prints on the wall, from the china in the cabinets to the mantelpieces he has collected and installed, which is not both

beautiful and good. His knowledge of painting is above the average, and to go with him to Althorp is to learn something as well as to see a great number of things. Add to these tastes a quiet pleasure in borders of old English flowers, a friendly affection for field spaniels, a readiness to sacrifice one of his beautiful lawns to the mashie and the niblick, and another to the cooped chickens of his daughter, and those who know the man only a little will see that the stern exterior conceals, rather than reveals, the soul within.

I set him in this place as a good sample of the quiet, cultivated country gentleman who represents in a democratic Parliament the best traditions of our English aristocracy. How does such a man see the future of Conservatism, and in what spirit does he confront the increasing legions of Socialism?

He tells me that the value of the quiet man in the House of Commons, and probably in the country too, remains as high as ever, but democracies do not look about for a good leader and are inclined to take the noisiest person who with most assurance promises them the moon. In the same way, the House of Commons fills up for an orator who is sure to deliver a smashing attack, and empties when a man who knows his subject, but is no moonshine-seller, addresses the Chair. How it will end he cannot say. His disposition inclines him to think that humbugs are always found out at last; but his experience of men tells him that some humbugs

take a long time to be found out, especially by a democracy not very distinguished for discernment. On the whole he shakes his head over the future, but not without a smile of amusement.

It is interesting to hear him speak with real friendliness of some of the Labour members, with an amused kindliness of others, but with the quietest and calmest contempt of the policy for which they all stand. This contempt is inspired by the conviction that the policy of Labour is fundamentally dishonest.

To Captain FitzRoy, with his calm judging eyes and his imperturbable good nature the political situation presents itself as a tangle which will not be straightened out for some time, and which will leave behind it complications of a disturbing character. He does not say we are marching to perdition; but he does say that we are very far from being on the road to sanity and prosperity. Things cannot go better with us, he thinks, until we push sentimentalism out of our path, give up wool-gathering, and address ourselves like practical men to the facts of our situation. At the present moment we are attempting to let Spenser's nymphs and shepherds run our agriculture, and encouraging Russian lunatics to run our industry. There is a sad un-English touch of Watteau and Robespierre in our present politics.

He thinks that in some measure the Conservative Party is to blame for this state of things. The leader-

ship is not definite and determined enough to please him. "After all," he said to me one day, "politics is very like hunting a pack of hounds. If you want hounds to be keen and full of mettle you must give them blood. They get listless and apathetic if you don't. A pack that doesn't kill its fox, soon goes off colour. They must have blood."

The difficulties of leadership at the present time would, in his opinion be nothing like so great if advantage were taken of the opportunities for attack. He would like to see Labour well trounced in the House of Commons, and Socialism chased up and down the country. "The business of the Conservative Party," he says, "is to keep democracy well-informed, and to protect it from the cheapjacks and impostors of bunkum. It's a big job; but it's a clear duty."

When I have discussed with him the difficulties of such a crusade he has always insisted, in his quiet and unexaggerating way, that a man whom democracy trusts can always speak to it about the Empire. "I find in my village meetings," he tells me, "that someone there has relations in Canada, or New Zealand, or Australia, or in South Africa, and that everyone is willing to listen to a reasonable argument based upon the imperial character of our race. I never talk down to an audience. I tell them what I believe to be the facts of the British Empire, and I endeavour to make them think what the future of such an Empire may become.

As for social reform, there is nothing you cannot bring into a speech on Imperialism."

He regards the whole matter of Free Trade as a business question. He sees that there are considerable dangers in a general tariff. Each particular trade or industry should be judged, in his opinion, entirely on its own merits, with no reference whatever to a general principle supposed to govern the whole field of our commercial activity. "Act like men of business, not pedants," he says, and goes on to speak of Imperial Preference as a thing essential to the growth and development of our industry. "That's a thing we've got to preach up hill and down dale. It's our highroad to the future."

Agriculture is a matter on which he speaks with authority. "I don't answer for the figures," he said to me only the other day, "but according to an under-secretary in the present Government there are now only eight people in every hundred of our population who are engaged in agriculture. Cotton is King indeed! We have sacrificed the unequalled peasantry of this country in order to supply the pale and stunted population of Lancashire with white flour from over the seas. Well, I don't complain of free trade in grain; I accept it; I don't like it but I accept it; but I do say that if free trade in corn diminishes and weakens our rural population, it must be sound policy to subsidise agriculture, to increase small-holdings, and to lighten

the monstrous rate now levied on land, so that the science may revive. Surely the congestion in towns has reached a point to satisfy the most exigent of free traders; isn't it time we turned to re-populating the countryside? I should have thought so."

You might discuss politics with this man for six weeks and never hear from him one word that betrayed his sympathy with the working-classes. He does not talk in that vein. But he does not advertise to the world his affection for his wife or his devotion to his children. It is a part of the character of such a man not to play the mountebank to his deepest feelings. He may admire the platform skill of Mr. Lloyd George, or the amusing energy of Pachmann at the piano; but he himself could no more bring himself even to attempt an imitation of the methods of these famous people, than he could talk noisily at his own table or behave showily in the public streets.

But one day, quite by chance, I discovered in him a depth of sympathy with the English people which, I confess, surprised me—as it also delighted me—for it was charged with admiration for their noblest qualities.

In September, 1914, he rejoined the Life Guards as a subaltern. Two of his sons were fighting. A third, destined too soon to give a young and most beautiful life for his country, was then at Oxford. On November 6th, FitzRoy was with a composite regiment of

cavalry reservists in Sanctuary Wood. The thunders of the first great Battle of Ypres filled the air and shook the earth. News came that the French troops had broken and run. The regiment in Sanctuary Wood mounted their horses and galloped forward a mile. Then they dismounted, lined out, and advanced in skirmishing order on foot. They advanced through the haggard and retreating French. Not one of them was shaken by that panic streaming past them to safety. On they went, to restore the line, to fill the gap left by the French between British troops and British troops.

They came to a small clearing between two battered woods, and halted. The line was restored. But just in front of them, not much more than a hundred yards away, were German machine-gunners, raking that whole front with a ceaseless fire.

"I don't believe anyone gave an order," FitzRoy told me. "It was one of those strange moments in a battle when bodies of men seem to be moved by a common impulse. The men went forward, straight at the Germans. I shall never forget them. Ever since then the British soldier has seemed to me the most wonderful fellow in the world. Nothing's too good for him—nothing! They went forward because they knew they had got to go forward. They'd have gone into hell; they would really. You never saw such calm; you never saw such determination. Men were

falling like rabbits at every moment, rolling over and lying still, one after another, quick as lightning. You kept on saying to yourself—'Of course, this can't go on; I'm bound to go down. And soon; any minute; perhaps now.' But the line went on—on and on. I got a smack from a bullet; but it didn't hurt at the time; I was thinking of the men. Oh, wonderful fellows! the most wonderful fellows in the world! Something in their advance, something inexorable, something inevitable, seemed to get on the Germans' nerves. All of a sudden, Fritz jumped up and ran for his life. The Briton had beaten him."

I asked about his wound. "Oh, it was really nothing," he answered; "the only bother was lying in bloody sheets for a couple of days"; and once more he began to speak of the British soldier, of his unbreakable courage, his terrible determination, his bitter anger, his gay spirits, and his mordant wit—all learned in England, all learned in English homes.

"The Higher Command left much to be desired; but for the British soldier my admiration is boundless. He is not only a great hero, he has got an utter disregard of self, and at his best he is something that searches the heart of anyone who has served with him. The finest thing I can say of the British soldier is this, nothing in the world puts him out."

That conversation has haunted me for many days. It makes me wonder whether there has not been in the

Conservatism of late years something of the inefficiency of our Higher Command in the War, and too little of the close comradeship between officer and man in the trenches.

What might not the British nation accomplish in the field of its imperial destinies if the straight and upright gentlemen of England put their education, their leisure, and their traditions at the disposal of democracy, and, through the retreating and reactionary hordes of an alien and class-hating Communism, advanced to fill up the gaps, made by these recent troubled years, in the great far-stretching line of our British unity?

Would that these words of Emerson could sink into the mind and consciousness of every Englishman of every class.

"The difference in rank does not divide the national heart. . . . Each of them could at a pinch stand in the shoes of the other; and they are more bound in character than differenced in ability or rank. The labourer is a possible lord. The lord is a possible basket maker. Every man carries the English system in his brain, knows what is confided to him and does the best therein he can. The chancellor carries England on his mace, the midshipman on the point of his dirk, the smith on his hammer, the cook in the bowl of his spoon; the postillion cracks his whip for England, and the sailor times his oars to 'God Save the King!' The very felons have their pride in each other's English

staunchness. In politics and in war, they hold together as by hooks of steel. The charm in Nelson's history is, the unselfish greatness; the assurance of being supported to the uttermost by those whom he supports to the uttermost. Whilst they are some ages ahead of the rest of the world in the art of living; whilst in some directions they do not represent the modern spirit, but constitute it—this vanguard of civility and power they coldly hold, marching in phalanx, lock-step, foot after foot, file after file of heroes ten thousand deep."

SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS

THE RT. HON. SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS. BART. (cr. 1919)

Born 1865. Son of Henry Hicks of Plaistow Hall, Kent. Assumed surname of Joynson on marriage, in 1895, to Grace Lynn, d. of the late Richard Hampson Joynson. Head of the Solicitors' firm of Joynson-Hicks, Hunt, Cardew and McDonald. M.P. for Brentford, 1911–18, for Twickenham, 1918–. Secretary Overseas Trade Department, 1922–23. Postmaster General and Paymaster General (in the Baldwin Cabinet), 1923–24. Financial Secretary to the Treasury, with Seat in Cabinet, 1923–24. Chairman Parliamentary Air Committee; Chairman of Parliamentary Road Transport Committee; Member Select Committee on Indian Affairs; and the Advisory Committee of the Ministry of Transport; Chairman of the Motor Legislation Committee; Member of the National Church Assembly; Honorary Treasurer of the Red Cross County of Middlesex; Member of the Finance Committee of the Y. W. C. A., and of the Zanana Bible and Medical Mission; president of the National Church League; Late Chairman of the Automobile Association; Chairman of the Belgian Field Ambulance Service; President of the Lancashire Commercial Motor Users Association; Vice President of the Roads Improvement Ass'n.; President of the National Threshing Owners Association; President of the National Traction Engine Ass'n.; Raised for the war in France the 17th and the 23rd Service Battalion of the Middlesex Regiment; Vice President of Safety First Council; First Chairman of the London Safety First Council; Vice President Institute of Transport. Clubs: Carlton, Bath, Constitutional.

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RT. HON. SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS, P.C.

IX

SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS

Despatch is the soul of business.—CHESTERFIELD.

So the bruisers of England are come to be present at the grand fight speedily coming off. . . . There is Belcher, the younger, not the mighty one, who is gone to his place, but the Teucer Belcher, the most scientific pugilist that ever entered a ring, only wanting strength to be, I won't say what.—GEORGE BORROW.

A land may be covered with historic trophies, with museums of science and galleries of art, with universities and libraries; the people may be civilised and ingenious; the country may be even famous in the annals and action of the world, but, gentlemen, if the population every ten years decreases, and the stature of the race every ten years diminishes, the history of that country will soon be the history of the past.—DISRAELI.

AN interesting chapter might be written on solicitors. Their mental differences are as great but more subtle than their temperamental differences. They all change with the manners of the time but remain the same thing. In every generation they have their out-and-out rogues, their sly hypocrites, their down-at-heel failures whose

only office is a tavern or a stationer's shop, and their hard-swearing men of the world, who specialise in getting women out of scrapes and keeping the names of distinguished people out of the newspapers. On the whole, however, they are just and upright men, rendering civilisation an essential service, and may roughly be divided into two useful classes, the confidential friend of the family, and the powerful adviser of public companies.

It is to the latter class that Sir William Joynson-Hicks must be assigned, and in that honourable class he occupies an eminent position. With an infinite capacity for taking pains he is no genius, and probably entertains a supreme distrust for geniuses of every order. He is himself a practical man, and he likes to deal with practical men. Work is his passion, and he works magnificently. He does not believe in hair-splitting; but as regards head-hitting he is an enthusiast. Give him something to punch and he is the happiest man on earth. Offer him something to love and he might inquire if you were impertinently attempting to pull his leg. He is a Protestant of Protestants, and among the disciples of cold water he would always take the head of the table.

His biography largely consists of public service. He motors, shoots, and plays golf, but his heart and brain are absorbed in work. He has been, and still is, the chairman, the honorary treasurer, or a member of I know

not how many societies, institutions, and committees. Look for him in the Threshing Owners' Association, and he is there; in the Young Women's Christian Association, and he is there too. Seek him in the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission, in the Motor Traction Committee, in the National Church Association, and in anything to do with roads and air, and, as sure as God's in Gloucestershire, there you will find this steam-engine of a man, puffing away like anything, and ready to pull the whole movement to a practical terminus.

He learned his oratory as a boy on temperance platforms, and still there clings to it the fervent character of a moral enthusiasm. He does not so much abstain from alcohol as hate it, and he hates it as a destroyer of domestic happiness, an insidious enemy of health. He wants men to be strong and happy, alert and energetic, free from all slaveries, and never in a condition of spiritual fugginess or moral decrepitude. Whenever he is speaking of these things one has the feeling that he is about to take his coat off and go for the head of a distiller or the stomach of a brewer. And it is the same thing with his politics. Liberalism is the enemy. Socialism is a liar and a traitor. Up, guards, and at 'em!

On occasion he can adopt a fatherly attitude even to opponents, and there is a story on this head which is worth the telling. It is said that he was one night addressing an audience of working-men on the matter of taxation, and laid himself out to explain to them

the fallacious character of socialistic economics. "Now you have all heard," he said, or so the story goes, "a great deal about unearned increment. It is a favourite phrase with Socialists. But what does it mean? What is unearned increment? Does any man in this audience know what it means?" "Yuss, I do!" replied a voice. "Come along then; tell us what it is; what is unearned increment?" "It's the 'yphen between the Joynson and the 'Icks."

But as a rule Sir William does not indulge in paternal kindliness. His whole nature is corded together by that vigorous form of Protestantism which Matthew Arnold described as the dissidence of dissent. He might be tempted in a leisure moment to develop "a system of unsectarian religion from the Life of Mr. Pickwick," but in his working hours he is fighting with all his force those enemies of Puritan England who, in his judgment, would reduce her to spiritual flabbiness and mental parasitism.

His Conservatism has all the moral qualities of Bright's Liberalism, and a good deal of the Puritan enthusiasm which once inspired the youthful minds of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George. He looks, as Dizzy looked, but with an altogether different vision, for the strength of England "in what is more powerful than laws and institutions, and without which the best laws and the most skilful institutions may be a dead letter or the very means of tyranny, in the

national character. It is not in the increased feebleness of its institutions," said Dizzy, "that I see the peril of England: it is in the decline of its character as a community."

Sir William Joynson-Hicks, "Jix," as he is compendiously called in the House of Commons, holds the opinion that Socialism is a form of alcohol, and that its poisonous and subversive doctrines are everywhere intoxicating the brain and sapping the moral fibres of the nation. Burke's magnificent tribute to "the ancient and inbred integrity, piety, good nature, and good humour of the people of England," can no longer be uttered with a whole heart by any man who knows the country. A large body of the people has adopted the deliberately dishonest policy of ca'canny, has ranged itself on the side of impiety and the grossest materialism, has exchanged its good nature for hatred, and its good humour for a cynical bitterness. "The various classes of this country," as Dizzy foretold, "are arrayed against each other." We live in a condition of civil war. The sense of unity is lost. The feeling of brotherhood is gone. We are not marching to a destiny; we are shambling and slipping into anarchy.

For this state of things in England, Liberalism was first responsible, and now Socialism. The crime of both parties, in his opinion, is the unforgivable crime of deceiving the people. They have taught the multitude to believe that the Conservative is the champion of

vested interests, tied hand and foot to the brewer, the landowner, and the parson; and they have encouraged the masses to believe that political materialism can give them spiritual happiness, and that they, these dishonest politicians for ever moulding the hypocrisies of sentimentalism and the saliva of demagogic rabies, are the only men in the State who sympathise with human suffering.

"Out upon such rascals!" is the cry of Joynson-Hicks, and he refuses to listen to those who would give the Labour Government more rope to hang themselves withal. He himself would do the hanging, and now at once; and gladly would he exhibit the dangling corpse to the multitude whom it so basely tricked and deceived at the last election, and whose sufferings it intends to use only for its own sordid communistic plots. Not one scrap of sympathy will he give the Labour Government, not one allowance will he make for its difficulties. In his eyes, Labour is a canting hypocrite of the worst possible kind, and the most deadly enemy of the people of England.

Take the case of housing. The domestic happiness of the nation depends upon a plentiful supply of cheap good houses. Cheap good houses are essential to the moral character of the rising generation. The middle-classes, the lower middle-classes, and the working-classes, are suffering very dreadful things, suffering physically and morally, from this dearth of cheap good

houses. Why cannot they be built? No landowner is holding up sites. No builder is unwilling to take a contract. Materials are not withheld by any ring. They cannot be built because the Building Operatives Union—the bricklayers, the slaters, the carpenters, the painters, and the plumbers—refuse to take more men into their union. Old men who never raised one finger to help this country in the war have banged, barred, and bolted the door of their union against young men who fought, and suffered, and were wounded in order that their country might be free.

The Conservative Government strove in vain to bring this union to reason, and it was against the stubborn opposition of the building operatives to dilution that they built thousands of working-class houses. But the Labour Government, which preaches working-class solidarity, and got into power largely by abuse of the Conservatives for their housing policy, and which has the means of bringing this recalcitrant, anti-social, and most selfish union to a sense of its public duty, has done nothing in that direction, nothing strong and nothing effective.

Moreover, as a practical man who orders his life by the principles of what is called horse-sense, Joynson-Hicks is outraged by the thought that this great country should be governed for a day by men who fear trade prosperity lest it should strengthen Capitalism, and who are opposed to strengthening the unity of the Empire

lest it should delay a World Republic. How is he to believe in the good sense of the English people when they can tolerate for an hour such traitors as these at the head of their affairs?

His mind is as different as anything one can imagine from the mind of Mr. Edward Wood or the mind of Mr. Baldwin. In him one catches glimpses of a Conservatism which is at once old-fashioned—of the stern unbending order—and extremely modern. He is as go-ahead a person as one could meet, ready to undertake at a moment's notice any social reform that is practical and of general service to the community, but a man so set to hold no truck with the enemy, so pugilistic in his manner of clearing obstacles out of his way, that he does not, I think, clearly see the causes of our present discontents, and so does not give to democracy the feeling that he knows the way to a better order.

It is no bad thing to have in the counsels of Conservatism a man who is apt, perhaps, to regard the British Empire as a capable company-promoter regards a valuable commercial undertaking. Such a man may not inspire, but he may well prevent the man of imagination from entering upon hazardous courses. So long as he is morally strong, and so long as personal ambition does not render him suspicious to friends and foes, such a man may render great service to his party and some service to the higher life of the human race.

MR. OLIVER STANLEY

THE HON. OLIVER STANLEY

Born 1896. Second son of the 17th Earl of Derby and Lady Alice Maude Olivia Montague, d. of the 7th Duke of Manchester. Had service in France during the late War. Conservative Candidate for the Kendal Division of Westmoreland. Married, 1922, Lady Helen Vane-Tempest Stewart.

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THE HON. OLIVER STANLEY

X

MR. OLIVER STANLEY

Come, give us a taste of your quality.—SHAKESPEARE.

Neither in the name of the Multitude do I only include the base and minor sort of people; there is a Rabble even amongst the Gentry, a sort of Plebian heads, whose fancy moves with the same wheel as these; men in the same level with Mechanicks, though their fortunes do somewhat guild their infirmities, and their purses compound for their follies.—SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

Although it is humiliating to confess, yet I do confess that cleanliness and order are not matters of instinct; they are matters of education, and like most great things—mathematics and classics—you must cultivate a taste for them.—DISRAELI.

IT is thought by many good judges that Mr. Oliver Stanley, the second son of Lord Derby, is the most promising of our politicians among the younger Conservatives. His mind is certainly interesting. He has qualities which are singularly attractive. Moreover, he is only eight-and-twenty, and in spite of having fought in the War, keeps much of his boyishness. His

contemporaries will see what time makes of him, and what he makes of time. For myself, I am disposed to feel that his personality lacks that irresistible strength and that furious drive of a consuming ambition which make the great leader in modern times.

His interest for me lies in the philosophical character of his Conservatism. He is above all things a thinker. One feels in talking to him that he is a very young don who has recently won the blue ribbon of scholarship, and is so modest about it that he blushes whenever he utters even an ordinary opinion. Never once does he startle or electrify. Stridency is not in his mind, nor violence of any kind in his soul. Quietly he looks upon life, quietly he reflects upon it, quietly he tells you where he thinks it might be bettered.

He is well over six-feet in height, three or more inches above that noble altitude; but he carries himself as if he wishes he were five-feet eight. The same spirit of wishing to escape notice appears in his face, which is handsome enough to please a Victorian male novelist, but lacks that aquiline fierceness and cave-man brutality so dear to the Georgian lady novelist. It is the face of a boy. The skin has all the freshness and smoothness of youth; the round eyes, in spite of a certain mischievousness, are rather shy and self-conscious. The smiling mouth appears to be at present a little uncertain of its own character, while the chin would rather recede lamentably than have any "punch" in

it. Thick brown hair, disposed to cluster into curls, gives to this round and boyish face, with its prominent eyes and its radiant skin, the look of Byron in his teens—

> Before Decay's effacing fingers
> Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.

It is difficult to realise that Mr. Stanley is a married man devoted to the middle-aged satisfactions of domestic life; or to understand that he has inherited in full measure his family's affection for horses, and loves to find himself well-mounted in full chase of a fox. Always the impression he makes in serious conversation is that of a shy and reticent scholar who has found all that he asks of life in some cool corner of a beautiful Oxford college.

That such a man should have made already some mark in the world is a hopeful sign. It encourages a faint hope that democracy may one day lose patience with the moonshine-seller, and give its thoughtful attention to men who, inspired by true humaneness have set their reasons to solve the political problems of our complex and industrialised society. The cave-man of politics is not, I think, quite so great a force in the national life as he was before the advent of a Labour Government; but it must, one supposes, be many years before the true and earnest thinker is regarded as a heaven-sent leader by the rabble of all classes. At

the moment a thinker in politics is respected rather than followed, tolerated rather than taken seriously.

Mr. Stanley was at school in 1914. He went straight from the cloister and chapel to the trenches in France. Up to this time he had been interested in politics, but in France he found himself thinking things out with an unusual determination to find a straight road to social betterment. He hated war, and began to think how so foul and atrocious a barbarism might be expelled from the earth. He still dreams of the Great War, or rather that another Great War has come, and that he cannot bring himself to face it. From the time he went out to France till the day on which he was wounded, he never actually shook in his boots or felt that the strain of horror was more than he could endure; but now, long afterwards, in these occasional dreams of his, he is conscious of a physical and spiritual inability to face again the dreadful beastliness of those direful days.

Few men, I think, have more patiently examined the idea of a league of nations. If he could see hope of peace in such a league he would certainly give himself up to work for its establishment. But he has come to the conclusion, he tells me, that such a league must remain ineffective for this great purpose until the democracy of the world is solidly and enthusiastically behind it.

I told him what Edward Wood had said to me on

this matter, viz., that since Europe had shown no desire for peace when it was animated by affection for one common centre of loyalty, the Church, it is difficult to see how men can now find in the present revival of nationalism, and all the fierce clashes of competitive commerce, a common consecration for a league of peace.

Mr. Stanley replied, "But the Church did not attempt to get democracy on its side, did it? It was an autocracy. It dictated to the peoples of Europe what they must think and how they must act. I do not think that any body of men can give orders in these matters. Don't you think that democracy must want things before it can get them?"

He told me that the result of his hard thinking in France was to convince him of one most pressing need in the affairs of men—the need of education. It is not, he thinks, class distinction, or even difference in fortune, which keeps people apart, but intellectual inequality. He has arrived at this remarkable conclusion that while there may be comradeship between the educated man and the ignorant man, there cannot be any real and effective comradeship between the educated man and the half-educated man.

Almost all our problems, he thinks, have their rise in this purely spiritual region. Society has said to the child of the ignorant man, "We will teach you to read and to write; and as soon as we have dragged you out

of the ignorance in which your parents live, we will abandon you to the struggle for existence. You will be neither ignorant nor educated. Your contact with nature will be broken, but no contact will be established for you with culture. You will lose your father's peace and your mother's contentment; you will no longer be able to find satisfaction in the simple things which gave them pleasure. On the contrary, your mind will be filled with unrest, discontent, and cynicism; you will go through life unconscious of the beauty of the earth, the majesty of the heavens, and the glory of art; you will discover that nothing is worth your while; you will look upon culture as an affectation, upon religion as a form of hypocrisy, and upon patriotism as a political dodge. And in these delusions you will give yourself either to the vulgar imitations of snobbery or to the excitements of political agitation. So living, you will pass through life in a daze, and die without peace in your mind or gratitude in your heart."

Let me quote Disraeli, who has exercised a powerful influence on Oliver Stanley's mind:—

> A man who knows nothing but the history of the passing hour, who knows nothing of the history of the past, but that a certain person whose brain was as vacant as his own occupied the same house as himself, who in a moment of despondency or of gloom has no hope in the morrow because he has read nothing that has taught him that the morrow has any changes—that man, compared with him who has read the most ordinary abridg-

> ment of history, or the most common philosophical speculation, is as distinct and different an animal as if he had fallen from some other planet, was influenced by a different organisation, working for a different end, and hoping for a different result. It is knowledge that equalises the social condition of man—that gives to all, however different their political position, passions which are in common, and enjoyments which are universal.

Over and over again Disraeli sounded this note, and warned the Conservatives of his day that they had no greater enemy in the State than ignorance. He said he looked for power in "the invigorating energies of an educated and enfranchised people." He did not fear "public opinion," but "public passion." "I, for one," he says, "have no faith in the remedial qualities of a government carried on by a neglected democracy, who for three centuries have received no education."

Again: "Europe is not happy. Amid its false excitement, its bustling invention, and its endless toil, a profound melancholy broods over its spirit and gnaws at its heart. In vain they baptise their tumult by the name of Progress; the whisper of a demon is ever asking them, 'Progress from whence, and to what?'"

And finally: "It has been my lot to have found myself in many distant lands. I have never been in one without finding a Scotsman, and I never found a Scotsman who was not at the head of the poll—he was prosperous; he was thriving; often the confidential adviser

of persons of the highest position, even of rulers of States; and although I myself am inclined to attribute much to organisation and race, I am bound to say I never met a Scotsman, even if he were the confidential adviser of a pasha, who did not tell me he owed his rise to his parish school."

Mr. Stanley is now the honorary secretary and treasurer of the British Institute of Adult Education, founded by Dr. Albert Mansbridge. He has edited a book called *The Way Out*, to which Lord Haldane, Lord Grey of Fallodon, Professor Zimmern, and Lord Eustace Percy have contributed; a volume worthy of every serious politician's notice. He is convinced that there is no greater matter to which statesmen can now give their attention than this matter of facilitating in every possible and attractive way the adult education of the people.

Ignorance, in the beautiful atmosphere of nature, acquires a wisdom and a serenity of spirit which keep the heart sweet and the mind sensible: but ignorance in the depressing and demoralising atmosphere of a manufacturing town can never find in a broken and incomplete education either wisdom or serenity. The mind of an office-boy or a lift-girl, is not the mind of a great nation.

Mr. Stanley's political principles can also be expressed in a Disraelian phrase. He tells me that he is a Conservative because he believes in strengthening our

institutions, increasing the liberty of the subject, and furthering the social welfare of the people. He says that these three things are co-relatives. Socialism seeks the last of them, but it is indifferent to the first, antagonistic to the second. "I do not see that it is possible," he says, "for a man to be happy without personal freedom, nor how it is possible to have personal freedom without Parliamentary institutions. Russia has discovered that personal freedom must be sacrificed, and slavery brought back to earth, if the principles of Communism are to operate; she freely acknowledges that fact, and the extreme Labour men in this country are never tired of abusing our institutions, because those institutions protect the people against the despotism they long to exercise. Therefore it is not immodest for the Conservative to say that he is on the side of human liberty against the forces of State slavery."

In the matter of social reform, he is, first of all, enthusiastic about education. Then comes housing—the rebuilding of the homes of the people, the destruction of all that is ugly and sordid and squalid in our towns and cities. Then comes Insurance; he is converted to the virtues of what is called the All-In Insurance which is a popular topic in the north. Finally he claims it as the right and duty of a Conservative to keep a watchful eye on the use the manufacturers are making of their power, and to interfere as often as the circumstances justify between the employer and employed. He

feels strongly that the Conservative Party is responsible for the humaneness of English life.

He holds the interesting idea that Conservatism is something much more than a principle in politics. He regards it as the religion of social life. It is a spirit drawing men together into a sensible comradeship and uniting them for great and noble purposes. He thinks that this view of Conservatism would be more general, and better comprehended by democracy, if men who call themselves Conservatives practised Conservatism in their relations with other men. He would like to see the Conservative manufacturer practising the humaneness and the comradeship of Conservatism towards his employed people, and every qualified man of leisure lending a hand to improve the education and the social conditions of the poor. Every Conservative should make his Conservatism tell in all the relations of his social life. It ought to be a social expression of his patriotism.

There are no Die-Hards in the north, he tells me. Up there Conservatism is represented by an active, enthusiastic, and forward-looking body of men and women who believe that with strong leadership and a disciplined and educated party, Conservatism can do far more than the other parties for the good of the whole people. What the serious and responsible person is now asking for is confidence. He wants to feel that life is not in the melting pot. No party is so likely as

the Conservative Party to bring back to the nation a sense of that well-founded security and that abiding order which gave confidence to the creative energies of the Victorians.

"In one thing," he said to me, "I think our party lags behind the Labour organisation. I find that a local secretary in the Labour movement regards himself as a potential member of Parliament, and is always straining forward to justify this promotion. He reads, he discusses, he thinks, and he works hard. But our local secretaries are not encouraged to nurse so ambitious a dream. They are a somewhat depressed body of men. I think that if our headquarters people were looking out for first-rate men, and were always ready to encourage talent and to promote genius, we should more readily convert democracy to the truth that we are essentially a people's party. I should like to see more enthusiasm and more intelligence in our propaganda."

But he comes back to education for his final word: "The basis of Conservatism is helping a man to help himself. The whole idea of our party is based upon the notion that self-reliance is essential to the moral character of a man, and that it is the business of the State to help men to become self-reliant. In what better way can this need be reached than by education? A man who is educated can not only help himself to get on in the world, but can find pleasures and consolations which have no existence at all for the half-educated

man. I believe in better education for children, and in every possible extension of adult education. Dizzy emphasised this point so often. He said that the three objects sought by Conservatism are the maintenance of our institutions, the preservation of our Empire, and the improvement of the condition of the people; and he said that we could only hope for the first two by seeking in education the road to the third. The more I study the works of Dizzy the more do I feel how far he was ahead of all the Liberals and Conservatives of his day. He saw far, and he saw deeply."

I find in him no disposition to adopt Sir Robert Horne's attitude towards Liberalism. This was his comment on the views expressed in my second chapter: "No doubt there is an historical basis for what Sir Robert says; but I think it is wiser to acknowledge that Liberalism has contributed many great and noble ideas to the life of humanity; and certainly, as a Conservative who follows Dizzy, I would do nothing to hinder any approach towards co-operation on the part of sincere and honourable Liberals. The future seems to me as if it would have no room for any parties except Constitutionalists and Socialists. It would be very stupid, I think, to split the forces of Constitutionalism, and to spend time, that ought to be devoted to strengthening our discipline and discharging our duties, in quarrelling over the origins of Toryism and Whiggery. I don't think scoring points gets us any further. I feel that

our first task is to enlighten the electorate on the great differences which separate Constitutionalism from Revolutionism, to awaken them to the danger that threatens us all, to gain their confidence, and then to work steadily and wholeheartedly for a better order of things, a higher order of citizens."

It seems to me that the headquarters of the Unionist Party might be well-advised to get a body of educated young men from the public schools and the universities to go round the industrial centres explaining the principles of Conservatism to the working-classes. At the head of such an order of preaching friars, Oliver Stanley, with his sympathetic nature, his moderation, and his penetrating intelligence, would do much to destroy the dangerous propaganda of Socialism.

He will soon be coming to Westminster from Westmorland, and though modesty may keep him from the notice of his countrymen for some years, I do not think much water will flow under the bridges before his moral and intellectual influence is felt among the younger men of the Conservative Party.

Some men who strike one as little likely to take Socialism by the throat may perhaps do more than others to persuade and convert the most honest of its deluded disciples. I am quite sure that Oliver Stanley will antagonise nobody, and will win the respect and affection of good men in all parties. He will go slowly, but I think he will go far.

CONCLUSION

ENGLAND

I see her not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before; indeed, with a kind of instinct that she sees a little better in a cloudy day, and that in storm of battle and calamity she has a secret vigour and a pulse like cannon. I see her in her old age, not decrepit, but young, and still daring to believe in her power of endurance and expansion . . . with strength still equal to the time, still wise to entertain and swift to execute the policy which the mind and heart of mankind require at the present time.—EMERSON in 1856.

Physically and morally it is a very healthy country.—PRINCE VON BÜLOW in 1899.

. . . bring up our children with reverence for English history and in the awe of English literature. This is the only job now in the world worth the whole zeal and energy of all first-class, thoroughbred English-speaking men.—WALTER H. PAGE in 1916.

CONCLUSION

FROM these glimpses of various minds the reader who has not hitherto taken any particular interest in political differences may be able, I hope, to form a useful idea of modern Conservatism. He will see that certain definite principles govern the Conservative thesis of social development, and that however the temperaments of individual Conservatives may vary, and however their opinions may clash, those principles are common to all.

Between Mr. Edward Wood and the Duke of Northumberland there exists a close likeness in physical circumstances, but no intellectual likeness at all; between the Duke and Sir William Joynson-Hicks, on the other hand, there is no resemblance in heredity and tradition, but a notable intellectual resemblance; Mr. Stanley Baldwin's early circumstances, training, and traditions are very unlike the early circumstances, training, and traditions of Sir Robert Horne, and their intellectual and temperamental differences remain to this day extremely dissimilar; yet these two men, and

the others I have just mentioned, and all the men whose opinions are expressed in this book, find in their political thinking that a distinct body of principles unites them together and enables them to act as a single political force in the national life.

We may say that at the centre of Conservative thinking is the idea of unity, and that the impulse of Conservative action is to promote unity in every sphere of the national life, extending it steadily and naturally until it includes the entire commonwealth of free people which we call the British Empire.

This spirit of unity, it is believed, can strengthen and develop all those minor and sectional loyalties which play so useful a part in the social life of the nation. Conservatism declares its faith in an ideal which is comprehensible to the simplest intelligence and by no means beyond the reach of human accomplishment; it is the ideal of a united people consciously, deliberately, and peacefully extending its power in the world—extending that power in the region of trade, in the region of science, in the region of art, and in the region of character; seeking to impress upon the civilisation of mankind the stamp of its historic genius for good government, good humour, good sense, and good nature, until the whole world is of one mind on the fundamental things of human life.

Conservatism pursues this ideal on the high road of history. It refuses to take any short-cuts to millen-

nium, or to waste any of its time in vain speculations concerning abstract questions. It is of all the schools of political thought in the world the most practical. It has no liking for pedants; it is contemptuous of cranks; and it will have no truck with political emotionalists. It believes that the road to the future is clearly marked, and that it is no smooth and pleasant road, but intentionally and usefully a road full of hardship and difficulty, not a track for sheep, but a road that calls out of a man all that is best and strongest in human nature.

The attitude of Conservatism towards change and progress is governed by the conviction that self-reliance, personal liberty, and as free a field as possible for the exercise of exceptional qualities, are essential to the moral and intellectual life of the whole nation. It believes that the State should help men to be self-reliant, should fit them to develop within themselves those powers of mind and soul which alone can render them free and independent; but it also believes that the State should interfere to prevent any individual from using either his gifts or his financial power to the detriment of others.

By reminding men of the greatness of their forefathers and by calling upon them to realise the glory and the blessing of their heritage, it seeks to lift up the soul of man from all forms of selfishness, from all narrowing and sordid economic obsessions, and to give it something to live for which is worthy of a man's love

and which provides him with a rational thesis for human existence.

The great word on its lips is the word Duty. It does not stoop to flatter, it does not wish to deceive, it does not seek to infuriate and excite the passions of the ignorant and the half-educated. It appeals to what is best in man's nature—to his moral strength, to his spiritual self-respect, to his human kindness—and it bids men rise to a level of self-forgetfulness from which they can see the path of their duty stretching to the land of their children's glory.

Disraeli has defined the spirit of Conservatism in these words: "To build up a community, not upon Liberal opinions, which any man may fashion to his fancy, but upon popular principles, which assert equal rights, civil and religious; to uphold the institutions of the country because they are the embodiment of the wants and wishes of the nation and protect us alike from individual tyranny and popular outrage; . . . to be vigilant to guard, and prompt to vindicate the honour of the country, but to hold aloof from that turbulent diplomacy which only distracts the mind of a people from internal improvement; to lighten taxation; frugally, but wisely, to administer the public treasure; to favour public education, because it is the best guarantee for public order; to defend local government, and to be as jealous of the rights of the working-man as of the prerogatives of the crown and the

privileges of the senate—these were once the principles which regulated Tory statesmen, and I, for one, have no wish that the Tory Party should ever be in power unless they practice them."

Conservatism seeks to establish security, confidence, and peace; to create, that is, the only atmosphere in which men can do fruitful work; and it seeks the prosperity of British trade and the union of the British Empire because it desires to increase the independence, the self-respect, the security, and the domestic happiness of the working-classes, and to possess revenues sufficient for the three great branches of its social policy—better houses, better health, and better education.

Now the Socialist mind, even at its best, is the very antipodes of the Conservative mind. It may express itself in language not unlike the language of Conservatism, and it may profess a faith which has certain points of resemblance with the faith of Conservatism; but penetrate to the principles which inspire it, track down its pious utterances to the source of all its thinking, and one discovers that the Socialist is no ally of the Conservative, marching side by side with him to a common goal, but rather an enemy standing directly in the path of the nation, not merely obstructing its way but actually plotting its destruction.

"It is a matter of infinite difficulty, but fortunately of comparative indifference," says Coleridge, "to deter-

mine what a man's motive may have been for this or that particular action. Rather seek to learn what his objects in general are—what does he habitually wish, habitually pursue?—and thence deduce his impulses, which are commonly the true, efficient causes of men's conduct, and without which the motive itself would not have become a motive."

Fundamental to the thinking of the Socialist, I find three principles: fear of greatness, distrust of human nature, faith in political machinery. He inherits the thinking of the old Liberals. He has no feeling for the Empire, no love of individual men; all his actions are governed by a pedantic enthusiasm for academic ideas. The Liberals would not interfere with the management of factories, and ridiculed Disraeli's health legislation as "a policy of sewage"; their enthusiasm was given to the disestablishment of churches, the immediate granting of self-government to any people whose agitators asked for it, and the continued extension of the franchise. With this statesmanship went a propaganda of abuse. The Conservatives were held up to the contempt of uninformed people as the champions of vested interests.

Socialists have continued this line of thought. They say that both Liberals and Conservatives have a vested interest in darkness, both are damnably *bourgeois*, and if there is anything to choose between the two of them, the Liberal is the greater enemy of the proletariat than

the Conservative. They do not bother their heads about advocating the abolition of the House of Lords or the disestablishment of the Church, but declare their intention to get rid of all Parliamentary institutions, which, they say, have outlived their day, and to sweep the present solid economic basis of human society into the limbo of exploded theories and decayed superstitions.

They do not seek to make men happy, but to invent an entirely new form of political machinery. They regard enterprise in the individual as a crime, self-reliance as a form of priggishness, and thrift as a piece of selfishness. Their idea is to crush all these natural springs of human action out of the mind, and to set up on the earth a great wheel of monotony and mediocrity to which the bodies of men may be bound from the cradle to the grave. Their Garden of Eden is a place where there is no serpent of ambition; but where nothing grows, nothing changes, nothing happens; all the flowers are made of paper and all the vegetables of plasticene. Their Marathon Race has its goal at its starting point, and there the emotions of the human heart and the ambitions of the human mind are to be pegged down for ever more. Evolution is to cease. The dictatorship of the proletariat is to supplant the Will of God.

But these aims of Socialism are not clear to the multitude. The issue is confused by the complexities of the present situation.

The Labour Party, having spent many years in denouncing the other political parties for refusing to do this, that, and the other thing, suddenly finds itself unexpectedly in power, and utterly unable to do any of those very things for not doing which it denounced its opponents with such outrageous vehemence. It has now discovered that its opponents did not refuse to do things which they might have done, but that they were unable to do things which cannot be done without ruin to the State. Disillusioned and timid, bewildered by the facts of economic law, appalled and unnerved by the practical conditions of human life, these visionaries and agitators of Labour have swung completely round from the fiery position they so recently occupied as champions of the oppressed proletariat, and, expressing a pained surprise that the world should expect them to practice what they have preached, conduct themselves as the capitalistic trustees and the bourgeois guardians of a State founded upon the principles of individualism and private enterprise.

For the nonce the Labour Party is a party of moderation, and some of its members are now genuinely converted to moderation; but the more vigorous minds, and the intelligences most thoroughly besotted with the pedantry of socialistic economics, are only wearing moderation as a mask. I have taken great pains to ascertain the truth in this matter, and in my opinion it is beyond dispute that the moderation of Labour is

only an exhibition of tactics, masking a policy which is directed to the complete destruction of the present individualistic basis of human society.

I put entirely on one side the utterances and the actions of extremists. I am not speaking of the Irishmen in Glasgow who are drilling for a revolution of physical violence, nor of those feverish enthusiasts of atheism who are corrupting the minds of children in Socialistic Sunday Schools, nor of such Communists as those who publish prurient books exalting free love and degrading marriage; dangerous as these people are, and fatal as they would like to be to the greatness of this country, their violent opinions are not necessary to my argument.

The point I desire to establish is this: no influence now at work in our midst is more perilous to the welfare of the nation, that is to say, to the physical and moral welfare of all classes in the community, but in particular the wage-earning classes, than the influence of moderate and respectable Labour. For, however reasonable or merely stupid their proposals may seem to be, the whole spirit and energy of Labour is directed to the inflaming of sectional passion and the fomenting of class hatred. At a time when it is essential to the national welfare that employers and employed should be of one mind, and that complete confidence should take the place of brooding and poisonous suspicion between them: at a time, too, when everyone who loves his country and

feels the greatness of England in his blood, and sees how long a time must elapse before Europe recovers from her ruin, should be working with all his heart and with all his soul for the unity of the Empire, Labour, if it is not actually doing everything in its power to keep employers and employed apart, and everything in its power to drive our Dominions into the arms of our market-hunting enemies, is at least doing nothing whatever to bring employers and employed together, and nothing whatever to consummate the unity of the Empire.

The spirit of Labour makes for, and is intended to make for, unrest, discontent, suspicion, and disunion. It derives its strength at the present time from the failure of the capitalist to solve, at a single stroke, the post-war economic problems arising from the dishonest currencies of many principal nations. It does not wish the capitalist system to succeed. It is the capitalist system which it is set to destroy. It is necessary to the success of its propaganda that unemployment should continue, that the cost of living should be high, that wages should fall, that strikes should recur, and that the foremost organising brains in the nation should be disheartened. Among the noblest spirits in its ranks are men whose books and pamphlets tell the workers that there is no sin, but, on the contrary, great virtue in slowing down production and giving the employers a dishonest day's work for an honest day's

pay. Among ministers of the Crown are men whose published writings and public speeches are crammed with incitements to the workers to destroy the works of capitalism. The Prime Minister himself, a religious man and a real statesman of tactical moderation, has published a book on Socialism in which condemnation of the present individualistic system of society is expressed without compromise of any kind.

How can we expect the nation to prosper if a Party actuated by such motives is in charge of its future? Moderation is not in the minds of these men; it is merely a mask worn on their faces. They are deceiving the nation while they are establishing a grip on the machinery of its government. They have deliberately decided to lull the electorate into a doze of unsuspecting good-will; and while they protest in secret to their extremists that they are only biding their time, they are counting on a majority at the next election which will enable them to begin gradually the constructive work of establishing a slave State.

I am one of those who think that no great harm could come to the nation from the first five or ten years of socialistic legislation. I mean that society could continue to support the present population of these islands, and to pay its way, albeit with increasing difficulty, while the Socialist Government was nationalising the mines, the railways, and perhaps even the land. But

I am convinced that while such legislation as this could not greatly, or at any rate fatally, injure the national prosperity, the very fact that a Socialist Government was in power with a working majority, and a Socialist Government doing nothing to establish confidence between Capital and Labour, nothing to increase the unity of the Empire, and showing more boldly every day that its axe was laid at the root of individualism, would shatter the greatness of this country at the very outset.

It is not the first doings of Socialism that will break us, but its spirit; and that spirit is at work in our midst at the present moment, fettered, it is true, and functioning with difficulty, but at work in the nation. Let it grow in strength and we shall fall into ruin. These islands will become a Russian bear-garden. Trade will cease; the population will starve; armed violence will rend the nation from top to bottom, and the statesmen of Socialism will be crossing the Atlantic Ocean to beg the help of American capitalists to save their economics from destruction.

Further, the Labour Party encourages the working-classes to brood upon the devitalising idea that they are wage-slaves, encourages them always to be mindful of their wrongs, teaches them a form of auto-suggestion which is fatal to mental health and physical energy. The anger and bitterness of our working-classes, their suspiciousness and their lack of all heartiness and good-

will, are much more the result of political auto-suggestion than the infliction of an economic system. If medical science teaches us that dark and unhappy thoughts are injurious to health, how can the Labour Party hope to improve the welfare of the wage-earners by encouraging them always to look upon the black side of things and always to think of themselves as the exploited victims of another class? Is it possible for any man, day after day, week after week, deliberately to practise ca' canny without suffering both in mind and body? Is it not true that the Labour Party, in taking the joy out of every man's work and breeding mistrust between employer and employed, is lowering the national vitality and creating a spirit of discord and disunion in our midst which is as bad for the workers as it is for the employers? Must we not say that men who spend their lives in teaching their fellows to entertain gloomy and bitter thoughts are either very ignorant or shamefully dishonest?

The fallacy of the Socialist is the fallacy of Mr. H. G. Wells and all other men who have fallen under the mechanistic theories of materialistic science. The soul of man does not interest the Socialist. He is unaware of personality. He can see nothing, this pedant, but the bodies of men and women, bodies that can be moved here and there like the cannon-fodder of Prussian militarism. He believes, in his madness, that by subjecting these mechanical bodies to the disci-

pline of a theorising bureaucracy he can not only provide sufficient and increasing wealth for the needs of our huge population, but can destroy in the human mind its desire for self-expression, and its immemorial passion for freedom and for growth.

He is a hater of genius, and the champion of pliant mediocrity. He is out to degrade the highest, and to enchain the strongest, not to strengthen the inefficient. For the humble and meek he has the ferocious contempt of all violent minds. His desire is to put down the noble from their seats, and to exalt the incompetent and the weak.

To this end he goes up and down the country looking for misery and searching for wrong. To this end, and only to this end, he sympathises with suffering and expresses indignation against oppression. To this end, the setting up of a bureaucratic despotism, he inflames the anger of the depressed and organises the cupidity of the incompetent.

With such a spirit as this in England, how can the nation expect its commerce to revive, its art to flourish, its virtue to develop, and its place at the head of civilisation to go unchallenged by lesser peoples? We are not marching towards our destiny, but tossing on a bed in a fever hospital. The frankness and candour of our nation, its outspoken honesty, its strong good sense, its kindly good-humour, and even its intrepid courage, are deserting us in the hour of our crisis. We

are becoming an Ireland, and Socialism's purpose is to make us a Russia.

Unless all that is strong, self-reliant, moral, and kindly in the nation soon exerts itself with renewed energy and a fully-awakened intelligence to destroy this spirit of class-hatred, suspicion, and atheistical materialism, our trade will leave us, our population will become impoverished, and we shall fall into such disunion and decay as that which opened the gates of Rome to Alaric, and enabled Lenin to compass the destruction of Russia with German gold. No nation divided against itself can long stand in such an economic storm as is now ravaging the world.

Sad will it be for us and for many peoples, and for many great causes, if it can ever truly be said of England, the weary Titan, staggering under the too vast orb of her fate, that she—

> Scarce comprehending the voice
> Of her greatest golden-mouthed sons
> Of a former age any more,
> Stupidly travels her round
> Of mechanic business, and lets
> Slow die out of her life
> Glory, and genius, and joy.

THE MIRRORS OF DOWNING STREET

SOME POLITICAL REFLECTIONS

By

A Gentleman with a Duster

With Portraits

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CONTENTS

Introduction
The Age of Socrates
The Age of Aristotle
The Age of Jesus
The Age of Augustine
The Age of Erasmus
The Age of Cromwell
The Age of Wesley
Conclusion, summarising the effects of Darwinism, and stating the present position of human thought.

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